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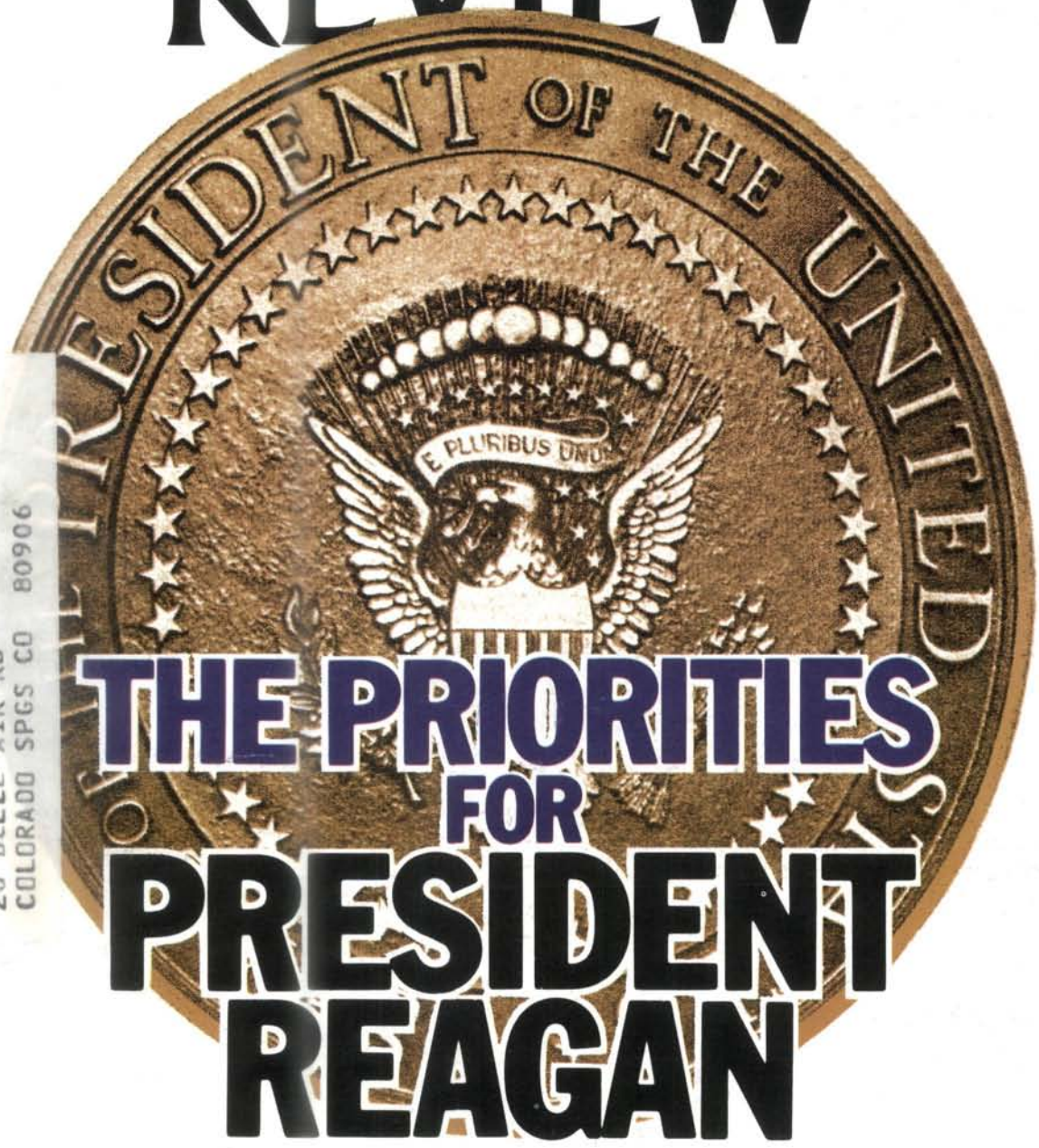
NATIONAL REVIEW



THE PRIORITIES FOR PRESIDENT REAGAN

ROBERT NOVAK

ALSO: WHO NEEDS THE UN? ASKS BRIAN CROZIER ♦ JOHN CHAMBERLAIN ON THE UNDERGROUND ECONOMY ♦ PLUS ANTHONY LEJEUNE ♦ GEORGE V. HIGGINS ♦ JOHN LUKACS ♦ ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

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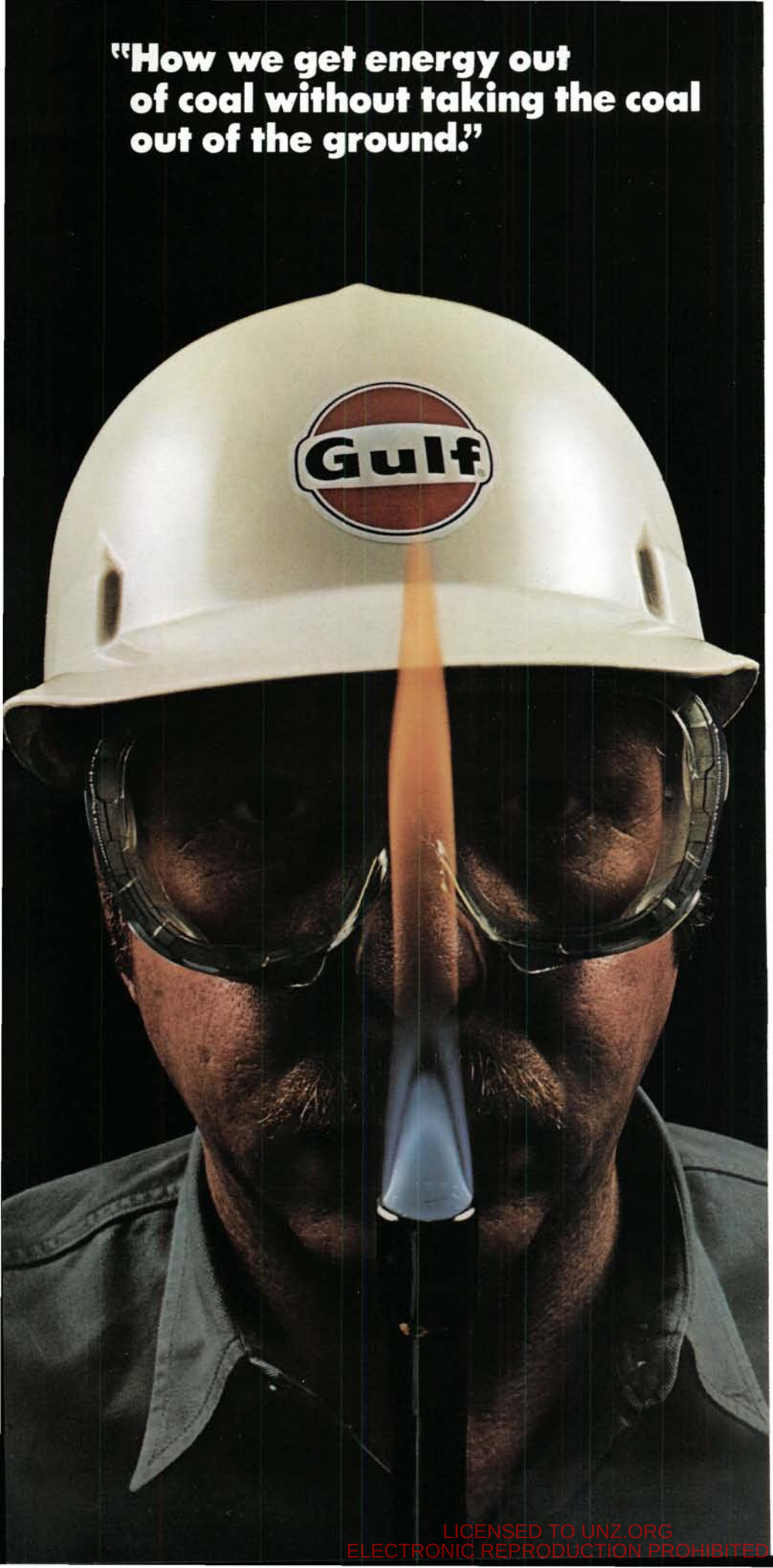
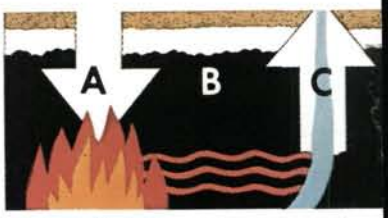
"How we get energy out of coal without taking the coal out of the ground."



"A lot of coal in America—millions of tons, in fact—is too d or too slanted to be mined by any conventional techniques," says C Engineer Jerry Daniel. "At Gulf, we're working with the Departme



Air through injection well supports combusti of coal at A, fire heats coal at B, which produ gas recovered through production well, C.

of Energy on a way to extract the energy from that coal without mi ing it. We drill an injection well t set fire to the coal. By burning so of the coal, we heat up the rest, which causes it to produce gas. That's why it's called undergroun coal gasification.

"We had a test burn here in Rawlins, Wyoming, late in 1979, a we're setting up another one. Ou hope is that by 1990, industry will able to use this kind of synthetic g which of course will make us less dependent on expensive importe crude oil as an energy source.

"At Gulf, our first priority is to get all the oil and natural gas we c out of resources right here in America. But we're working on a of other good ideas, too. Underground coal gasification is one of them; and we're working with synthetic fuels, tar sands, geother mal energy, and other alternative energy sources.

"Overall, you might say that th business we're really in is the business of energy for tomorrow."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorro

Gulf Oil Corporat

"Someday we may use gas from coal the way we now use natural gas."

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Reagan's dilemma: How can he strike out boldly in new directions to solve problems dating back to the Nixon-Ford Administration when his close-in policy advisors are veterans of that Administration? To justify his mandate, Reagan cannot descend into orthodoxy: he has to devise radical solutions for economic, military, diplomatic, and social problems. To do this he must transcend the bounds set by his advisors. *Robert Novak*

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Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

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Letters

Stunning

Brilliant—utterly, comprehensively brilliant. George Gilder ["The Myths of Racial and Sexual Discrimination," Nov. 14] is a stunning polemicist. His use of data, his disarming way of saying the one or two things that are still mostly unsayable—e.g., ". . . There is very little evidence that black women suffer any discrimination at all, let alone in double doses"—put him in the ranks of America's foremost thinkers. A hearty bravo to him and to *NR*.

Walter Higgins
Providence, R.I.

Forked Tongue

Congratulations to Neal Freeman for his sage columns ["The Current Wisdom"] of October 3 and October 17 concerning bilingualism. I have long shared the concern that the present "foreign invasion" of this country, as evidenced by, among other things, the mushrooming advocacy of bilingualism, represents the greatest single danger to the survival of the United States. Next to race, language is probably the most divisive element in the relationships among different groups. The introduction and enforcement of other languages (even just one other) will most surely generate racial polarity and social hostility.

Arthur K. Olsen
Salt Lake City, Utah

Sin and Statistics

Your editorial observations on lust, marriage, and birth control ["Sex and the Pope," Oct. 31] raise questions of two sorts.

First, *NR* is staffed by a collection of polyglots, and in fact Latin is evidently the vernacular of office in-jokes. Why, then, did you rely on the inaccurate translation of the Pope's remarks by (gasp) the *New York Times*?

Second, your editorial insists that the statistics—that "70 per cent of Catholic women in the United States ignore the birth-control teaching of *Humanae Vitae*"—speak volumes about the need for doctrinal revision. Well, 100 per cent of Catholics in the U.S. ignore one Commandment or another once in a while. Should the Vatican therefore take it upon itself to vet the Decalogue? For that matter, 100 per cent of American Catholics eventually die. Yet the American Medical Association, in a remarkable display of intransigence, insists that death is bad for the human physiology.

Philip F. Lawler
Washington, D.C.

Runaway

I am probably the last reader of NATIONA REVIEW to take offense at an action of th American Civil Liberties Union, but thi organization must sooner or later d something to outrage everyone. It is ur fortunate that the case which I am cor vinced the ACLU has totally misjudge is one which should be very simple fc anyone to decide correctly.

I refer, of course, to the case of Walte Polovchak. The ACLU, in upholding th rights of Walter's parents to return him t the Soviet Union, against his own wil has committed a blunder so obvious tha it is not necessary to argue the case agains it. NATIONAL REVIEW ["The Week," Oc 3] has presented the boy's case ac mirably.

I must point out, however, that the cas for young Mr. Polovchak might be im proved if he would supply his own rea sons for desiring to remain in this coun try. Thus those who are undecided on th merits of his case could be convinced tha his desires are based on reasonable rath er than childish motives, and those favor ing the side of his parents could b persuaded by the views of the one whos fate (and the future of whose entire life they are trying to decide.

And should the courts be taken in, an order Polovchak's deportation, I woul state that he could very justifiably ad himself to the total of this country's teen aged runaways. Walter, if it proves neces sary, I can hide you in my basement.

Ira Brad Matetsk
Baldwin, N.

Bedtime Story

A+! Gold star! A thousand thanks and a very good grade from a weary student. just read through three issues of *NR*, an I can't recall the last time I saw such combination of humor, information, ph losophy, speculation, and wonderful prose The *NR* people could easily have put tc gether the *Federalist Papers* if they ha been around two hundred years ago When you are, as I am, practically alone in D.C., 1,300 miles from home, besieged by lurching buses, bureaucratic insanity and the circus of politics—and when, be sides all this, you're out of money—well *NR* sure is good to have around. Wha *NR* did tonight was remind me why I g out the door every morning determined to resist liberal claptrap. And why con servative writing is more satisfying tha that of liberals (partly because it's fre quently more grammatical). Most of all reading *NR*, on a Saturday night whe

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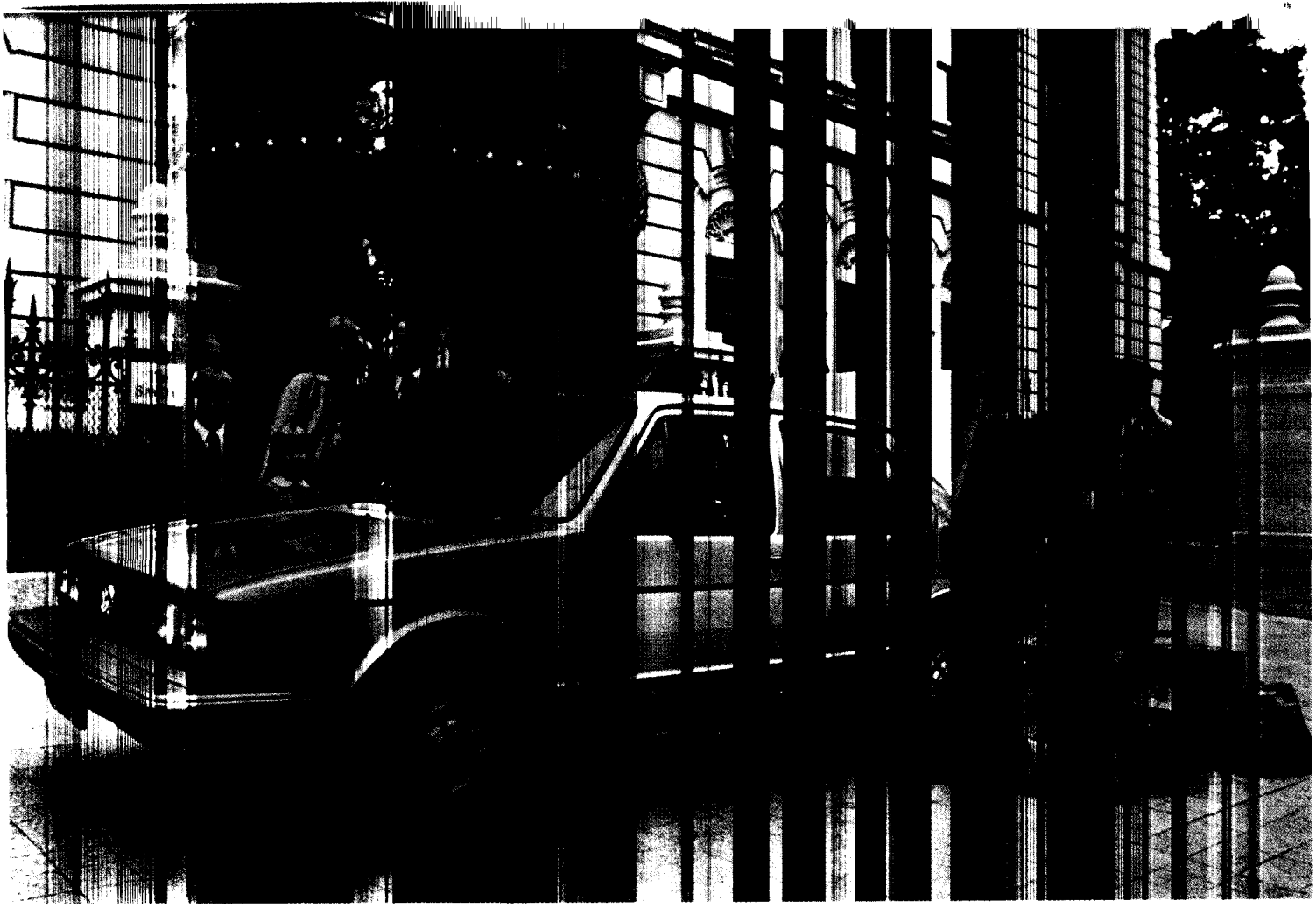

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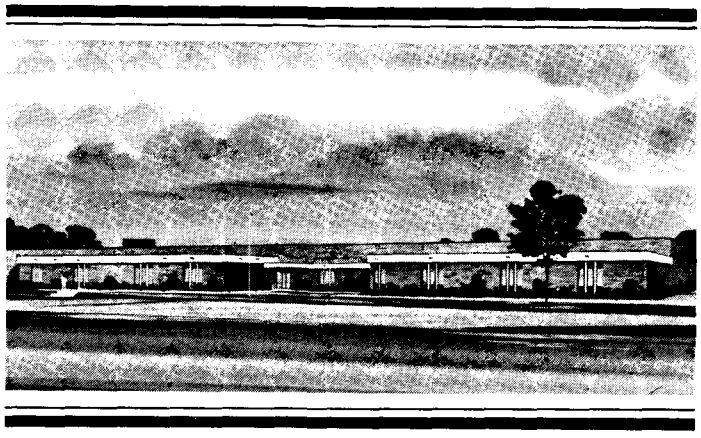

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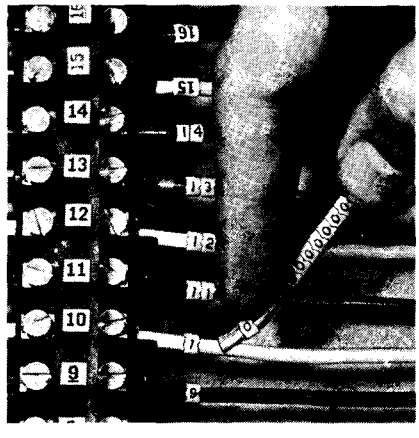

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you have a headache and the traffic won let up, is like being read to by your f ther or mother, which I don't mind admi ting is something I miss even at the rip old age of twenty. So thanks, friends- your diligent hard work has wedged a li tle thoughtful, relaxed certainty into th gauche Washington atmosphere.

Jennifer Dy
Washington, D.C

O Jerusalem!

In your October 31 issue ["Letters"], Chi ton Williamson asserts that since Isra "owes its existence to the generous sup port of other countries, it ill behooves to dismiss the territorial claims of th particular group [the Palestinians] so cav alierly." Mr. Williamson might reflect tha no amount of gratitude for her existenc is going to persuade Israel to consider th territorial claims of the Palestinians, sinc as currently itemized by the PLO, thos demands include all of the state of Israel

He continues, "It is a fact too that, pr 1867, there was no talk of a Jewish stat on the West Bank, or anywhere in th Arab world." Now that requires some dis entangling. To use the term "the Ara world" to refer to the whole region befor 1948 is first of all misleading, since Jew have shared that part of the globe wit the Arabs since Biblical times. It is, in th second place, untrue. Ever since their er forced exile from the land of Israel in 7 A.D., Jews in the Diaspora have praye daily for a return to Zion. The *Amidah* the daily silent meditation, beseeches th Lord to ". . . assemble us from the fou corners of the earth. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, Who gatherest the dispersed of Th people Israel." And the well-known cu mination of the Passover meal is the ex clamation: "Next year in Jerusalem!" S it seems that by the time 1867 rolle around, Jews had been talking about Jewish state in Israel for nearly 1,800 years

Rachel Emetso
Charleston, S.C

Awards

That the subject of "kiddie sex" has late ly become a personal vexation for man conservatives does not excuse Richar Brookhiser's disingenuous distortion o the Libertarian Party's position on chil dren's rights ["None of the Above," Oct 31]. Nor can your publication of this sor of misrepresentation on such a sensitiv issue be explained away as intellectua error, sloppy editing, or an ordinar "cheap shot."

Having been a member of the relevan Libertarian Platform Committee, I tak strong exception to Brookhiser's assertio that since the platform holds that the stat should not purport to define certain "con sensual sexual relations" as crimes, whil at the same time elsewhere holding tha children have the full complement o

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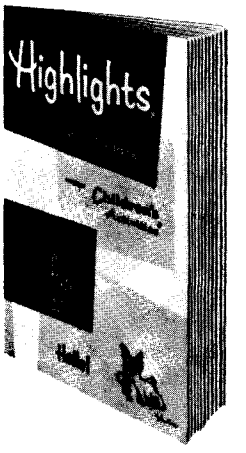

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rights as human beings, therefore the platform's implication is that children are fair game for sexual relationships.

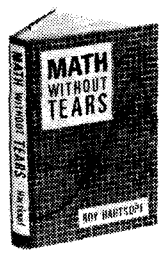
This dirty-minded and bizarre insinuation both ignores what the word "consensual" means and that the "equal right" held in such cases is the right of the child *not* to be raped, molested, or criminally assaulted, even by its parents. The common-law irrebuttable presumption *juris et de jure* settles the issue of consent for tender-aged infants; as for 16-year-olds, a rebuttable presumption *juris tantum* of a lack of meaningful consent should suffice as it did traditionally, before all the uplifters got hold of the statute books.

You guys win the 1980 Chutzpah Award for sniveling, low-down gutter politics—single episode. Even Jimmy Carter would blush at such antics.

Jule R. Herbert Jr.
Washington, D.C.

And you guys win the 1980 Award for Sloppy Writing (Misleading Expectations Division). The 1980 Platform of the Libertarian Party calls, in Plank 3b, for "the repeal of all laws regarding consensual sexual relations." Plank 20 ("Children's Rights") insists "that 'children' are human beings and, as such, have the same rights as any other human beings." Therefore "any reference in this Platform to the rights of human beings includes children.' Not a syllable about common law. Given a document which rushes in, un-angelically, in so many other areas, how was I to know it would stop respectfully before juris tantum*? Perhaps your next platform should include a trot.* —RB

MATH WITHOUT TEARS



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The First Stone

I didn't know that Bob Bauman ["On the Right," Oct. 31] claimed to be our spiritual leader. Rather, he holds particular political beliefs which many of us share. Through extraordinary parliamentary skill he has been able to protect and advance these concepts to the benefit not only of our cause but also, to the extent that they are morally based, of the nation itself.

He has been man enough to acknowledge his wrong-doing publicly. He has repented and is committed to purging the sin from his life. Detestable as it is, it did not constitute malfeasance in office; Bauman is not like the influence-peddlers and bribe-takers who neither admit their crime nor express regret.

How much poorer the world would be if your harsh judgment had been applied to the Biblical King David!

Gene W. Taylor
Cincinnati, Ohio

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Robert L. Formaini
Vice President, Public Policy Affairs
Cato Institute
San Francisco, Calif.

Tale-Bearer

NR's editorial "Executive Suite Women" [Nov. 14] reminds me of the line: "*I* never gossip of course, but do you know who does . . ." The whole tale of Mary Cunningham would better have been left alone.

William Reardon
Denver, Colo.

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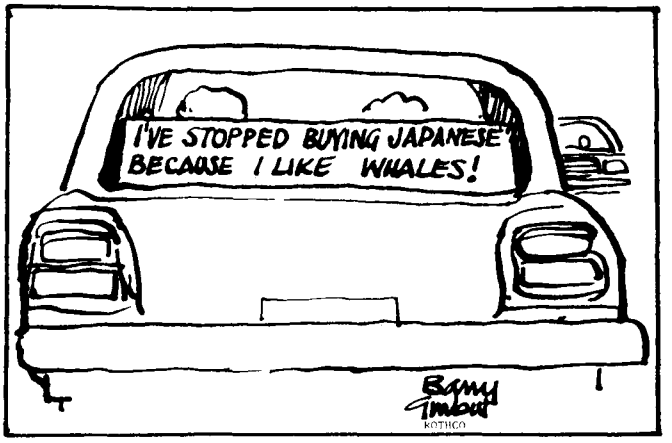
FOR THE RECORD

■ Looking ahead: Sen. **Orrin Hatch**, who voted for the Moynihan-Packwood **tuition credit bill** last time around, is the incoming head of the Senate Labor and Education Committee. He says he'll bring that one up again in January. . . . Hatch also intends to move toward a lower minimum wage for young people. . . . Sen. **Jake Garn**, incoming chairman of Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs, has his eye fixed on the 1937 **Davis-Bacon Act**, dear to the heart of the construction unions. . . . **Barry Goldwater** gets Intelligence: watch for legislation to untie the hands of CIA, FBI and to exempt certain security material from **Freedom of Information** queries. . . . Also sure to be revised, the sweeping **Department of Education** bilingualism order of last August.



■ The scramble for leadership of the Democratic Party is on, with the moderates, for once, taking the lead. **Teddy Kennedy** has not only had his Senate staffs cut from seventy to 14 (he lost **Judiciary** as well as two important subcommittees) but his troops—**Bayh**, **Culver**, **McGovern**, **Nelson**, **Church**, and let's not forget **Muskie**—will be gone in January. . . . *Washington Post* editorially supported an Op-Ed article, Nov. 11, by Sen. **Carl Levin** (D., Mich.) calling on the Democratic Party to "clean up its act." "What we must do is learn again that a free people are to be trusted and the government need not tell them, in endless detail, how they are to behave in order to achieve common goals." . . . **Pat Moynihan**, speaking in much the same vein in a *New York Times* interview, rebuked the "radical" Kennedy wing of the Party, which, he said, holds to the premise that "government should be powerful and America should be weak." . . . Organized Labor—at least its leaders—was crushed. Said AFL-CIO chief lobbyist **Alexander Barkan**: "This was the best labor effort we ever fielded and to lose it so badly is hard to take." Only 47 per cent of union members voted for Carter in 1980; 59 per cent had in 1976. . . . Democratic news analyst **Alan Baron** recalled in the November 11 Baron's Report the jubilation in the White House when Reagan started to sweep the primaries. "Where else are the liberals going to go?" asked **Jerry Rafshoon**. "It's not even going to be close," said **Hamilton Jordan**. And **Robert Strauss** put his money where their words were.

■ Some facts and figures. We know who the big losers were (heheheh), but who were the big winners in the Senate? **Russell Long** (D., La.), unopposed, was the biggest, followed by: **Daniel Inouye** (D., Hawaii), 78 per cent; **Jake Garn** (R., Utah), 74 per cent; **Ernest Hollings** (D., S.C.), **John Glenn** (D., Ohio), and **Mark Andrews** (R., S.D.), 72 per cent. . . . Back in 1977, **Svend Petersen** undertook for *NR* (April 15) a rundown of the 12 biggest spenders in the House of Representatives. Only five (all Democrats) remain in the House: **Fred Richmond** and **Stephen Solarz** (N.Y.), **Don Edwards** and **Augustus Hawkins** (Calif.), and **Robert Roe** (N.J.). The seven no longer in Congress: **Robert Drinan** and **Michael Harrington** (Mass.), **John Murphy**, **Herman Badillo**, and **Elizabeth Holtzman** (N.Y.), **James C. Corman** (Calif.), and **Thomas Ashley** (Ohio). . . . The **Black Caucus** lost one and gained three, including controversial Detroit Judge **George Crockett**, who once spent a year in jail for contempt of court in a **Smith-McCarran** case. (He was on the defense team.) . . . **John Anderson** will be replaced in Congress by Illinois Assemblywoman **Lynn Martin**, known as "the Axe" for her assaults on the Illinois state budget; **John LeBoutillier**, author of *Harvard Hates America*, replaces veteran liberal Rep. **Lester Wolff** of N.Y. . . . **Ellen McCormack**, who insisted on fielding herself as presidential candidate on New York State's Right-to-Life ballot, got only 27,000 votes; **Alfonse D'Amato**, by contrast, picked up 150,000 votes on the Right-to-Life line.

■ Watch out, **Art Buchwald**. Here is *Washington Post* columnist **Henry Allen** on The Morning After: "It's like one of those old horror movies where the atom bomb rouses the dinosaurs from the ice they've slumbered in all those eons . . . and all of a sudden you can hear the cry going up in liberal strongholds: The Reagan People are coming. . . . It could be serious . . . the Beltway jammed to gridlock with Volvos bearing enlightened folk planning to tough it out on nothing but white wine and Brie. . . ."

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THE WEEK

■ Ain't it fun?

■ On the other hand, George McGovern, Alf Landon, Rufus King, and Charles Pinckney all did worse.

■ PLAYING IT SAFE DEPT. Morton Kondracke, in the last pre-election issue of *The New Republic*: "Though I have been irrepressibly free with predictions throughout this political year, the outcome is too close to call."

■ Because Richard V. Allen was not exactly accused, it would be inapt to say that he was subsequently vindicated. Toward the end of the campaign, Allen was nominally and briefly sidelined as a Reagan counselor on foreign policy in response to a meticulously detailed account in the *Wall Street Journal* relating how, after serving in the White House in Nixon times, he had put his experience and contacts to profitable use for various clients abroad. Now, lawyers and economists with backgrounds in government can share what they know with foreign clients for a fee without raising eyebrows. For subtle reasons, the situation is otherwise for practitioners in such fields as business promotion and public relations. That shade of difference was central to Allen's brief flurry of trouble—if the word is not too strong. The quality of Allen's services to Governor Reagan before and after that hiatus spent formally on the sidelines is not in question. One may hope that Reagan's post-election demurrer will prove to be the last word on the subject.

■ The heart of the problem with Iran remains as it was. Zealots speaking for that country—one hesitates to describe them as in charge there—persist in believing they have defeated the U.S. in their own version of a moral equivalent of war. The current terms for ransoming the American captives—terms in which President Carter recently and misleadingly professed to see a basis for hope—relax original demands only to the extent of forgoing a ritual apology. Otherwise, they amount to conquerors' conditions. The U.S. Government could presumably lift commercial embargos and release impounded military supplies at its own discretion, but the deceased Shah's assets, whatever their guessed value, are not at this government's disposal, nor does the President—regardless of what he said at Youngstown, Ohio the other day—have authority to turn over the $8 billion in blocked Iranian funds in disregard of American citizens' offsetting claims now before the courts. The only theoretically conceivable way of meeting Iran's financial claims would be to have Congress appropriate vast sums for transfer to Iran as, in effect, reparations.

■ What makes a nation strong? Admiral Sergei G. Gorshkov, commander of the Soviet navy, and recently author of *Sea Power of the State*, thinks he knows. Between 1682 and 1725, Peter the Great cleared the Swedes out of the Baltic, moved the Russian capital to St. Petersburg, and created the first Russian navy; Russian power and prestige, Gorshkov argues, waxed apace. In the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5, things worked the other way: the Russians allowed one fleet to be bottled up in Port Arthur, and sent another, antiquated and out-gunned, to the bottom of Tsushima Strait—a shock from which the Czarist government never completely recovered. Forty years later, Gorshkov continues, the Germans lost World War II by neglecting naval strength. For every German submarine, the Allies were able to deploy 25 surface warships and one hundred aircraft. If the Germans had had more subs, they could have beaten the odds—and the British. The Soviets (prodded by Admiral Gorshkov, and helped by our lassitude) are not making the same mistake today. For every Soviet submarine, the West now has two surface vessels and ten aircraft.

■ France is barreling ahead on a nuclear power program that should satisfy 75 per cent of her energy needs by the end of the century. In 1983 France's first Super-Phoenix fast-breeder reactor (a fast-breeder reactor produces more plutonium as a by-product than it consumes in generating electricity) will open at Greys-Marville in the Rhône Valley. Far from kowtowing to environmentalist and anti-nuke demonstrators, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing has accelerated nuclear power development. He hopes to see one new fast-breeder reactor in place every three years between now and the year 2000. The wisdom of this speedup was demonstrated this year when one-third of France's regular

Great Moments in History

St. George destroyed the dragon
  And that was very nice.
George Washington was painted
  Tip-toeing through the ice.
Napoleon's remembered
  Advancing in the Alps,
While Reagan's still applauded
  For all those Western scalps.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

In with the big Republican tide on November 4 swept two new congressmen from northern Virginia, Messrs. Frank Wolf and Stan Parris. An interesting pair, these men. Orthodox Republican by philosophy but demographically realistic by political approach. The fact of their electoral success tells much about the campaign just completed.

For the uninitiated, northern Virginia is not to be confused with the rest of Virginia. The Commonwealth, as it is solemnly called, is a deeply conservative state with its capital at Richmond. The "Main Street crowd" there, instructed and emboldened by the *Times Dispatch* and the *News Leader*, runs the political affairs of the state with a steady hand. Political fads do not come and go in Richmond; they fear even to approach the city limits. What was good enough for Mr. Jefferson is good enough for the rest of us. Nuff said. State government, accordingly, is a model of prudence, frugality, and common sense. For vast stretches of the calendar the state legislature does not even bestir itself to convene.

Northern Virginia is a whole 'nother smoke. Geographically it is coming closer and closer, all right. A century ago the trip from the Confederate capital at Richmond to the Union government in Washington was an ordeal by horseback. Today it is a two-hour zip up Interstate 95 with only the elision from Stuckey's into Howard Johnson's to mark the passing miles. Culturally, however, the two worlds are as far apart as ever. Up north, there are Yankees, lots of them. So many of them have crowded into the bedroom communities of Fairfax, Arlington, and Alexandria that the largest-circulation newspaper in the Commonwealth is . . . the *Washington Post*. Worse still, if you're assessing the situation from Main Street, thousands of those Yankees have chosen a most peculiar line of work. They work for the guv'mint.

Northern Virginia has thus become a political battleground, deeply influenced by the Commonwealth's conservative philosophy, but culturally dominated by the ubiquitous federal worker. Campaigns for public office, perforce, have become exercises in rhetorical agility. The list of realities in which a political candidate must acquiesce includes the following:

► The federal worker is the good guy of politics. While candidates don't actually wear buttons proclaiming, "I love bureaucrats," they express their affections in more tangible ways. Frank Wolf, an attractive young GOP candidate backed by a number of hard-Right single-issue groups, emphasized three planks in his 1980 platform: he pledged himself to work for a stronger national defense, for reduced tax burdens on the American citizen, and for twice-yearly increases in the Cost of Living Adjustment for federal employees.

► The Carter Administration, you may be surprised to learn, has been the bitter enemy of the federal work force. Top civil servants, at $50K, are grossly underpaid. The 9.1 per cent pay raise offered by the White House is provocative and offensive. Worst of all, the so-called civil service reform program has made it easier in some cases to fire federal workers. All of these actions, perceived as patently unreasonable in the nation's capital, would play rather better in Peoria. Or Mahwah. Or Detroit. For the conservative Republican seeking public office, discretion demands that he nod sympathetically while mumbling ambiguously. In political jargon, this technique is known as "sharing concern."

► Flights, not to mention VIP parking spaces, must be cut back at Washington's close-in National Airport. Speeches on this subject by suburban congressmen (four in all) draw a combination of sneers, guffaws, and obscene epithets from House colleagues who commute from National (431 in all).

► As a general proposition, we have to get private enterprise off the backs of government workers. In another sneaky attack by the Carter Administration, significant amounts of public business have been contracted out to the private sector. Disguised as an economy move, this program amounts to nothing less than a frontal assault on the job security of federal workers.

Mr. Wolf and Mr. Parris, two soundly conservative men, managed to get themselves elected in districts where the propositions stated above are accepted as only a shade less than self-evident. This is known as a landslide. —CATO

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supply of crude oil (its major suppliers are Iran and Iraq) was cut off. Meanwhile, with a worried eye on the Persian Gulf, 200,000 Austrians have signed a petition to force a new vote, which they hope will overturn the 1978 vote to ban nuclear power production in Austria. Since the U.S. is not producing enough plutonium to arm its nuclear missiles, according to recent reports, perhaps we should put in an order with the French for some of their surplus.

■ It was a worse than average week for Brezhnev. The big story over here of course, and then a message from the Italian Communist Party stressing ideological differences which have strained relations between the two parties of late. The Italians declared themselves in favor of "positive development of mutually useful links on the basis of full independence." Whatever else that may mean, it's another indication that Eurocommunism ain't what it used to be.

■ "Affirmative action may have undesirable results at universities like Harvard by creating a student body where black students tend to be one to one and one-half standard deviations below whites on test scores and significantly lower on grades as well." In other words, SAT scores, long presumed to discriminate against blacks, actually discriminate in favor of them by understating deficiencies in their preparation for college work. These conclusions were drawn not by William Shockley, but by a study conducted by Harvard University. Even more dangerous for ideologues, however, could be one of the study's corollary conclusions: "If elite universities did not compete so heavily for blacks, these students might attend slightly

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lesser institutions where they might compete as intellectual equals. Conceptually one might even imagine a ripple effect, where blacks would end up academically equal to whites at all but the very bottom institutions, as the result of not being admitted at institutions where they are not equally capable. The consequence might be a greater overall perceived feeling of equality by both blacks and whites." Reaction from Harvard students and faculty has been predictably vitriolic, but common sense may be about to break in.

■ Up at Dartmouth the students rang in the Republican Era with a posh election-eve party, evoking an egalitarian spasm from the student newspaper. "Having received only an oral invitation," wrote student-journalist Steve Anthony, "I arrived at the doorstep of Room 112 at the Hanover Inn in blue jeans and sneakers. Jones himself greeted me, resplendent in his black tuxedo with satin lapels, pleated shirt front, and gold studs. I suppressed a smile. Fossedal stood at the bar, dressed as if ready for a game of bridge on board a luxury liner: blue blazer, ascot, matching handkerchief in the breast pocket. He smiled at me. I gagged. . . . the scene resembled a coming-out party at a WASP country club. . . . The bar was open. . . . They even had the Inn's chef sculpt a block of cheese in the shape of an elephant. It was disgusting. . . . I think I'm going to cry."

■ According to a news item during the hectic post-election week, Jimmy Carter plans to get an early start on his memoirs. Fine. We'd rather he write than be President.

■ The new Administration is readying plans to rehabilitate the swarms of bureaucrats and politicians who will become unemployed in January. "These people *can* be helped," a spokesman insisted. "With love and patience, many of them can be taught to perform simple, useful work, and can lead fairly normal lives."

Picking Up the Pieces

Who's to do it? Jimmy's dead.
Teddy's heavier than lead.
Mondale's just a Mister now.
Muskie can't excite a *Wow*.
Looking at the second team,
Glenn has always had a gleam;
Also, Colorado's Hart.
No one else is on the chart.
Watch them mopping up the floor
As we did in '64.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Thurmond in '84!

■ Overheard in a recent corporate board meeting: Consumer Representative (*whispering to his neighbor*): "Just what is discounted cash flow, anyway?"

■ With the election of Ronald Reagan, NATIONAL REVIEW assumes a new importance in American life. We become, as it were, an establishment organ; and we feel it only appropriate to alter our demeanor accordingly. This is therefore the last issue in which we shall indulge in levity. Connoisseurs of humor will have to get their yuks elsewhere. We have a nation to run.

The Election

I. The Anti-Liberal Revolution

It wasn't only Carter's personal deficiencies, though they were plain enough to see. Nor was it Ronald Reagan's campaign, which—except for a fleeting moment here and there—proved to be largely passive and defensive. No, the size of the landslide and the spectacular congressional results indicate that in 1980 the country accelerated an anti-liberal revolution long in the making.

Down they went with a glorious crash, still shouting the old doctrine: McGovern, Bayh, Church, Culver, Magnuson, Holtzman, Ullman. Like Tennyson's antiquated Light Brigade, these liberal superstars charged into the valley of electoral death, and the carnage was extraordinary.

And the message was clear: a less intrusive Federal Government, and a more confident and assertive foreign policy.

The first, faint rumblings of the anti-liberal revolution were felt in 1948, as the formerly solid South broke away from the Democratic Party and ran a Dixiecrat candidate against Truman. It gathered its energies under Eisenhower, then burst to the surface again in 1964 as Goldwater, invading the Old Confederacy, showed that the South was indeed up for grabs. The revolution really got rolling in 1968, when George Wallace and Richard Nixon between them put together a 60 to 40 landslide against the liberal candidate, Hubert Humphrey. It reached into all sections of the country when Nixon achieved his 49-state trouncing of George McGovern. (The McGovern Democratic Party also has roots in 1948, in the Left split-off candidacy of Henry Wallace—whom, indeed, McGovern supported that year.)

What made Jimmy Carter and much else possible was Watergate. Carter will be seen historically as es-

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sentially an interim figure, something that was stuffed into a crack in the wall. He was able to bring the South back into the Democratic column for just one more electoral hurrah, and then watched it disappear again in the direction of Reagan. But Carter was an aberration, historically considered, and with Reagan the anti-liberal revolution got back on the tracks and rolled once more.

II. The Economic Centerpiece

It is a truism, but nevertheless true, that an effective foreign policy must be rooted in a successful domestic policy, and for the Reagan Administration this means a rapid economic revival at home. Not to seize the opportunity here would be to throw away the election. The stakes are therefore very high in a struggle that is going on mostly behind the scenes, but occasionally surfacing in the media.

The struggle involves appointments, and, by extension, policy, in the economic area.

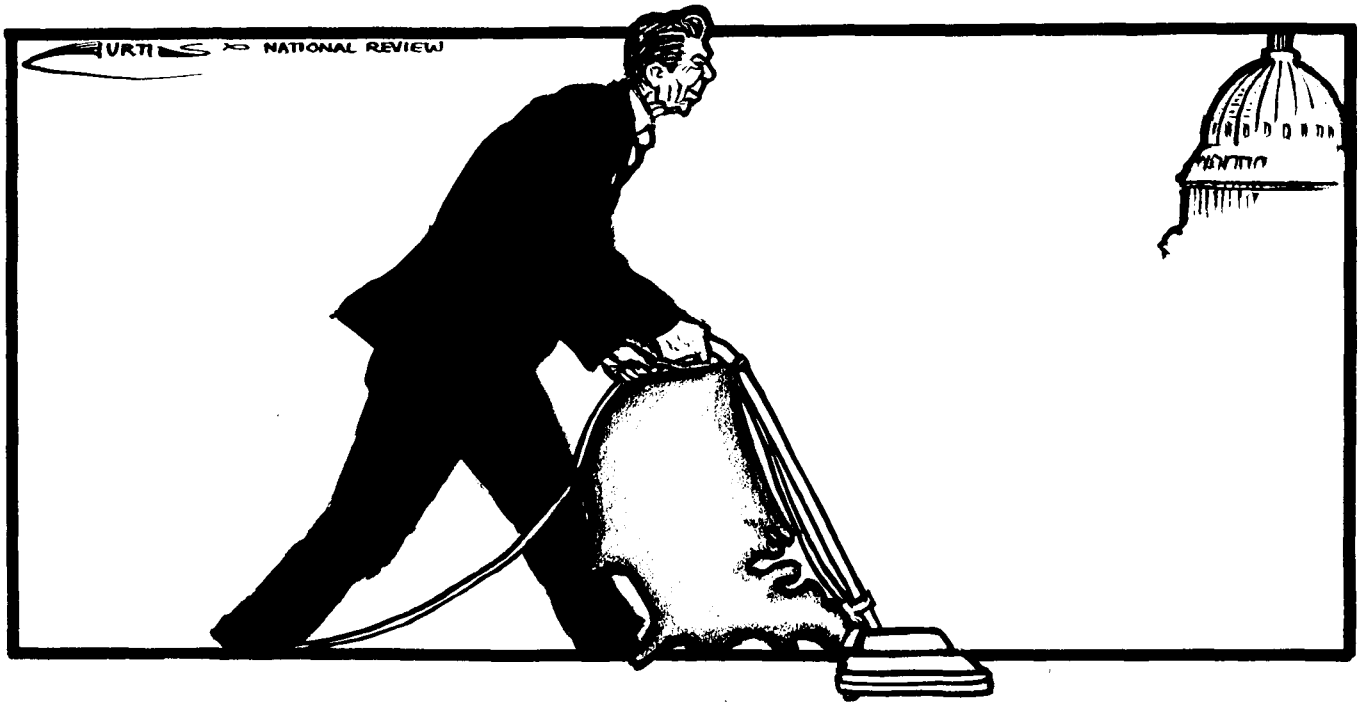
For his appointments, should Reagan go with familiar faces from the Nixon-Ford days, like Alan Greenspan or Charls Walker? This would mean avoiding quick tax cuts and attempting to fight inflation by first balancing the budget and holding down the growth of the money supply. In other words, orthodox Republican economics. (See Robert Novak's cover story, p. 1444.)

But this approach hasn't worked. "For well over a decade," writes economist Paul W. McCracken, "our strategy has been to reach a better economy by a generalized resistance to spending in order to achieve a balanced budget, thereby winning the right to tax reduction. This predictably has left us with swollen federal outlays, deficits, and an enervated economy."

Representative Jack Kemp, supported by numerous economists—Arthur Laffer, Craig Roberts, Norman Ture, Alan Reynolds—has been urging that the traditional approach be stood on its head. A large reduction in tax *rates*, they argue, will *not* mean reduced federal revenues—because it will stimulate the economy and increase the size of the tax base. *Revenue = tax rate × tax base.* It will, important point, also stimulate savings. They would add cuts in gift and estate taxes, the gradual phasing out of the "windfall-profits" tax, capital gains tax cuts, and implementation of an inner-city tax incentive for business. The economy requires a stimulus of this kind right now, they argue, in opposition to their more orthodox opponents.

Representative Kemp's approach makes both economic and political sense; indeed, under present circumstances it actually may not be radical enough. It holds out the promise of expansion in the private sector: i.e., jobs; and, unlike traditional Republican economics, the promise of bringing blue-collar and other workers into the Reagan coalition. It represents an economics of hope, not the economics of belt-tightening that has been losing elections for the last fifty years. And, without that majority *political* coalition, there will be little hope of mounting an effective new foreign policy.

The Republican attack on Kemp-Roth, however, is already under way. On November 10, the *Washington Post* reported that Ed Meese of the Reagan inner cir-



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cle said that President-elect Reagan would like to see the lame-duck session of Congress enact a tax bill drafted by Senate Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long rather than insist on the more sweeping tax reduction that was the centerpiece of his presidential campaign. Reagan's top advisors from the Ford Administration have been trying to get rid of the Kemp-Roth bill since 1976. They supported passage of the Finance Committee bill in the lame-duck session, hoping in January to argue that the economy had just had a tax cut and would have to be given time to absorb it before Reagan launched his own plan. In the meantime, the Ford alumni would have a chance to turn the Administration in the direction of their own favorite policies.

The Ford alumni want to stop Congress from spending the increased tax revenues brought by inflation and use them, instead, to balance the budget. They discount the incentive argument of the supply-siders and are prepared to accept large tax increases in order to balance the budget. They have allies in Republicans on the Senate Finance Committee and the House Ways and Means Committee who feel that tax policy is their prerogative and not Kemp's. Congressional Democrats see an opportunity to tie up the Reagan Administration for four years in fights over spending cuts, thus keeping the Republican tax cut off the agenda. Sensing the correlation of forces against Kemp-Roth, the *Kiplinger Tax Letter* predicts: "Highest taxes in history are on the way."

Dewey, Truman Neck and Neck

Nice work, Walter, John, Abe, Ben. All you media fellows certainly had us fooled. A cliffhanger, eh?

Calling this one close topped "Dewey Defeats Truman" in the blunder sweepstakes. ABC's post-debate phone-in poll, widely denounced as "unscientific" and "irresponsible," turned out to have been more reliable than the *New York Times*/CBS, Gallup, and Harris surveys, with all their scruples and methodologies. Reagan's 2-to-1 edge among the phoners was certainly an exaggerated indication of his margin of victory, and in that sense the scientific boys can console themselves that they were more nearly accurate. But the ABC ratio did reflect one thing the finger-dipping polls can't seem to grasp: intensity.

Carter had inertia on his side. Reagan had hope. He told America it could be great again, and it responded. America likes that kind of talk. In Washington and Manhattan, where the media people dwell and commune together, they don't seem to understand that.

The reality had been visible to anyone who has cared to see it unfolding. Jeffrey Hart, Kevin Phillips, William Rusher, and Theodore White had all, in various ways, predicted the demise of the liberal elite, and the long-term tendency has been accelerating markedly in 1980. In the primaries the voters chose Reagan over less conservative competitors, and Carter over the more militantly leftist Kennedy. It didn't take a clairvoyant to see that Carter was going to lose badly. All it took was someone with his conventional blinders off.

Applause, Please

In nose counts at the Capitol, the 33 senators whose seats were at stake in the election were split 21 to 12 between pro and con on the SALT II treaty. That ratio is reversed among those who will occupy those seats in the upcoming Congress—an instance of overkill, for the treaty itself died in the cradle long since. Arms control will henceforth be subordinated to national security requirements rather than, as under the Carter dispensation, the other way around.

That shift caps a trend set in motion when Senate consideration of the SALT II treaty was turned into a comprehensive inquest on the nation's strategic situation. Main credit for that transformation and for marshaling evidence to undercut the Administration's case for SALT II belongs to the Committee on the Present Danger—a group of citizens knowledgeable about foreign policy and military factors and determined to apprise the nation of strategic perils and what needs to be done to counter them. The CPD's emergence after the 1976 election was dismissed by the media as a non-event. Yet, within a matter of months, the CPD established itself on the national scene—cited in the news without explanatory identification, as if on a par with the NAM, the AFL-CIO, or the NFL.

Money and numbers do not account for the CPD's achievements. Its aggregate expenditures over four years are about $1.5 million—peanuts—and its membership is less than two hundred. The secret of such economical success: the members do their own thinking and writing, gratis.

Nukes and Taxes

Voters passed on referenda as well as candidates, the two most important issues being taxes and nuclear power.

Massachusetts, fast shedding its reputation as George McGovern's strongest state, overwhelmingly approved Proposition 2½, so called because it requires property

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GUEST EDITORIAL

What (Almost) Happened to Goldwater

If you don't live here in Arizona, it probably seemed pretty confusing on election night. There was Ronald Reagan going through Carter like a chainsaw through peanut butter, Republicans winning everywhere, Senate liberalism becoming a contradiction in terms . . . and Barry Goldwater was in trouble. While Reagan romped through Arizona, Barry was in a neck-and-neck race all night with Democrat Bill Schulz, finally edging through by nine thousand votes out of 860,000 cast. What happened? How could Mr. Conservative—who held the fort so gallantly during all those dark years—almost get beaten while the rest of the country was practicing what he preached for so long?

A lot of reasons, actually. For one thing, Bill Schulz, a wealthy businessman from Phoenix, campaigned as a right-of-center Democrat. He spent a helluva lot of his own money ($1.3 million) on the campaign, especially on some very effective TV commercials. Not too subtly, he pushed the idea that Barry wasn't up to being a full-time, on-the-job senator any more and should be put (with full honors for past services) out to pasture.

By contrast, Schulz presented himself as a vigorous, prime-of-life campaigner, concerned about defense, waste in government, and other issues dear to the heart of Arizona's basically conservative population. He also got all the mileage he could out of portraying himself as an underdog, running against "Arizona's living legend." He didn't have all that many good cards, but those he had he played well.

All night long, the outcome was uncertain. At one point, Schulz's people wanted him to make a victory statement (with 80 per cent of the votes in, he had a lead of ten thousand), but the candidate wisely held off. Then—just like the cavalry in a John Ford movie—the absentee ballots from Goldwater's Maricopa County came in, putting him over the top.

No doubt about it, it was close. Barry himself said he was "scared to death," and even the staunchly conservative *Arizona Republic* gently acknowledged that Goldwater had been given a message by the voters. Schulz gave it his best shot, but for so many, who remember the bitter defeat of Goldwater in '64, it would have been tragic beyond belief had Barry not been able to share the Reagan-in-'80 triumph.

—JACK KIRWIN

taxes to be rolled back to 2.5 per cent of assessed valuation. The public-service unions raged, 2½'s supporters renamed the Bay State "Taxachusetts," and the voters gave the tax cut a whopping 60 per cent. Michigan voters faced three tax-cut proposals, including one with teeth in it, proposed by a county official, and one toothless, proposed by the governor. None of them passed. Ohio rejected a "fair tax initiative" (rule of thumb: the only people who couple "fair" and "tax" are the people who couple "tax" and "reform") which would have raised corporate income taxes, natch. Property-tax-cut measures went to defeat in Arizona, Nevada, Oregon, and South Dakota.

On September 23, Maine voters considered a proposal to close the eight-year-old Maine Yankee nuclear plant and ban nuclear power from the state altogether. It lost, 59 to 41 per cent. Washington approved, by a large margin, a ban on the importation into the state of non-medical nuclear waste. Oregon approved, by a slim margin, a measure requiring statewide referenda before any more nuclear power plants can be built there. Everything else went pro-nuclear. Montana rejected restrictions on uranium mining; South Dakota declined a variety of restrictions on nuclear power; Missouri rejected (61 to 39) a ban on the operation of nuclear power plants until a permanent waste disposal facility is completed. And the citizens of Jacksonville, Florida voted 2 to 1 to encourage the town fathers to consider nuclear power plants over coal plants for the city's power system.

In short, the voters signaled that their impatience with crushing taxation continues, and their broad support of nuclear power (consistent before and after Three Mile Island) remains—sentiments Ronald Reagan shares. No wonder they voted for him as well.

As Jamaica Goes

Reagan may look tough up here, but a week before November 4, Edward Seaga of the Jamaica Labor Party won a victory that makes Reagan's look puny—51 of sixty seats in Parliament, up from 13. Michael Manley, friend of Fidel Castro and Andrew Young, goes into opposition.

Prime Minister-elect Seaga is that rare thing in the Third World, a politician who understands compound interest, and he will need all his knowledge to cope

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with the wreckage left by Manley's socialist holiday. Tourism is stagnant, the bauxite industry sags under crippling surtaxes. Last March even the International Monetary Fund refused Jamaica credit. Manley worked off his frustrations by harassing the *Daily Gleaner*, the country's one free newspaper, and saying extravagantly nice things about his neighbor to the north. Seaga has already asked the Cuban ambassador to leave.

Jamaica joins St. Vincent, St. Kitts-Nevis, Antigua, and Dominica, becoming the fifth Caribbean state this year to defeat leftists at the polls. State Department officials had been talking about a "conservative sweep" even before Seaga's win. Castro and his friends, though glum, will probably take a longer view. Elections, after all, were not how Castro came to power—nor the Sandinista in Nicaragua, nor the People's Revolutionary Government in Grenada. They will consolidate their gains, and content themselves with stirring up trouble (many of the guns used in Jamaica's chronic gang wars are American Army issue, captured in Vietnam, and flown in from Cuba). Look for stories, in about a year, on Seaga's "oppression." Karen DeYoung, the Byron of the Nicaraguan revolution, has already written a piece for the *Washington Post* on the Caribbean.

Trudeau Declares Economic War

Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has brought before the parliament in Ottawa, which his Liberal Party controls, a new energy policy that amounts to a declaration of economic warfare against the United States. It represents a political challenge to western Canada as well; and it vetoes in advance the policy of cooperation in energy matters which candidate Reagan said was one of his leading priorities.

The program involves a punitive new tax on all Canadian oil and gas production, with huge rebates to Canadian-controlled companies for exploration and development. The whole scheme is designed to make the finding and developing of high-risk frontier and offshore fields four times as expensive, after taxes, for foreign-owned firms as for those with 75 per cent Canadian ownership. In addition, the state-owned oil company is given a free option on 25 per cent of any new discoveries made by privately owned firms.

At present, about 70 per cent of the Canadian industry is owned abroad, with American interests naturally dominant. Market prices of Canadian subsidiaries of Gulf, Exxon, et al. have already slumped by more than 25 per cent.

The Canada-U.S. tax treaty, reaffirmed this year, is based on neutral application of internal taxes on each other's nationals. Canada and the U.S. are signatories to an OECD agreement on neutral awarding of domestic investment grants. Although the energy program may not violate the letter of these understandings, it certainly attacks their spirit.

Canada wants action from the new Administration on a lengthy agenda, including a fisheries treaty, the auto trade agreement, and control of acid rain. President Reagan should reflect that while the U.S. was re-negotiating the tax treaty in good faith, Canada was secretly preparing discriminatory new taxes on a significant proportion of American foreign investment. Although retaliation would be unneighborly, he may want to stall discussions on future treaties until Canada shows less eagerness to take advantage of loopholes.

FBI: A Legal Morass

The Justice Department has just bagged two of its most wanted men, W. Mark Felt and Edward S. Miller. Felt, a former acting associate director of the FBI, and Miller, a former assistant director in charge of the FBI's intelligence division, were accused by the Justice Department of conspiring to violate the rights of American citizens by authorizing surreptitious entries into the homes of friends and relatives of the terrorist Weather Underground. On November 6, a jury in Washington's Federal District Court found Felt and Miller guilty as charged, to the great delight of the *New York Times* and other bastions of law and order. Attorneys for both men have promised to appeal the decision, and it is quite possible that a higher court will come to a different conclusion.

The case against the two men is not unmuddled. No one disputes that Felt and Miller authorized the surreptitious entries, just as no one disputes that both men were immensely respected within the Bureau. What is in question is the state of the law at the time the break-ins occurred. Although present FBI guidelines prohibit unauthorized "black bag" jobs, back in the early Seventies, when the Bureau was tracking down every lead in what proved to be a fruitless search for the Weather Underground, the law was far from clear.

The defense attorney claimed that the law did not require approval of warrantless entries by anyone other than the head of the FBI. Felt and Miller have stated that they had that approval, but L. Patrick Gray, who was then head of the Bureau and who is next in line for trial, denies giving it. The defense also claimed that warrants weren't required in cases involving governments hostile to the United States.

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A Liberal's Nightmare

Dusk deepens, yet the stars do not appear;
The moon sulks moodily behind a cloud.
A voice says, "Let's make one thing crystal clear,"
Before a flash of Ike and Mamie Doud.
Outside, beneath a balcony, the crowd
Roars, "More!" but cupboards everywhere are bare.
The sheets cling to the sleeper like a shroud
As neon lights the night with laissez-faire.
Behind the silken folds of the portière
A form moves, moaning softly, "TVA . . ."
It's Barry counseling the wretch to care
By giving governmental things away.
At last the rosy-fingered dawn arrives
Along with Reagan, Bush, their kids and wives.

W. H. VON DREELE

That the jury didn't heed these arguments is in large part thanks to the judge who presided over the trial, William B. Bryant, chief of the Federal District Court in Washington.

In his instructions to the jury, Bryant undermined both defense arguments by telling the jury that they must find the defendants acted criminally unless they could believe the break-ins were authorized by the President or the Attorney General, and that the entries were illegal unless the people whose homes were searched themselves had significant connections with a foreign power.

In the appeal, the fate of Felt and Miller probably hinges on whether a higher court agrees with Judge Bryant's interpretation of the law. If their convictions are upheld, they face a penalty of up to ten years in jail and a $10,000 fine. Meanwhile, in a touch of irony, a judge in New York has sentenced a former member of the Weather Underground, Cathlyn Platt Wilkerson, to three years in jail on charges of illegal possession of dynamite and criminally negligent homicide.

We hope you are sleeping more easily tonight, having been protected from the FBI.

Pox Britannica

'We have many pocky corses now-a-days," the gravedigger tells Hamlet, "that will scarce hold the laying in." The "pock" (or pox) referred to was syphilis, a brand-new venereal disease which swept across Europe with incredible speed and virulence after having been brought from the New World by the sailors on Columbus's *Santa Maria*.

Stanislav Andreski, Professor of Sociology at the University of Reading, argues in the October issue of *Encounter* that the syphilis plague, besides spreading pain and death, and giving Shakespeare lines, changed sexual morals. "Its transmission through copulation was suspected from the beginning, and as it was in fact mostly contracted through unlawful intercourse, it could (more convincingly than any other disease) be regarded as a punishment for that sin." The prohibition against extramarital lust—indeed, against lust in the heart—had been enunciated by Christ, but faced with the sudden prospect of rotting on earth as well as in hell, Europeans began to take it more seriously. Calvinism, Andreski claims, was the chief beneficiary. Existing explanations of Calvin do not explain "why the 'package' offered by him was absorbed by large multitudes while the packages offered by other prophets fell on deaf ears. . . . The trend toward puritanism was led by John Calvin, but it seems implausible to attribute it entirely to his powers of persuasion."

Now of course we have penicillin, Andreski observes, and his argument is at least inferentially supported by the fact that popular attitudes toward sex have been changing again.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I speculate about the reason writers for *NR* especially are fond of Latin quotations; perhaps it is difficult to find a Greek font?

Ralph de Toledano's letter (Sept. 5) defending his own general ignorance of late classical culture would be merely funny if it were not also typical of *NR*'s pretense to some general knowledge of the classics.

The decline of classical learning has been variously dated. Cardinal Newman, in his *Idea of a University*, summarized much argument in an anecdote: he asked a student (who could translate Xenophen with precision) what the title *Anabasis* meant. Newman's examination of that student demonstrated the shell a classical education had become. But at least the student could still read the language. Some writers *NR* publishes even further demonstrate this decline by an implicit nostalgia for an education they never had, but would have hated.

Ralph de Toledano, in his letter, blames his fundamental ignorance of antiquity on his source, yet he presumes to interpret a fifth century account of the Emperor Julian's last words, *Vicisti, Galilæe*, completely against all tradition, not as a cry of despair,

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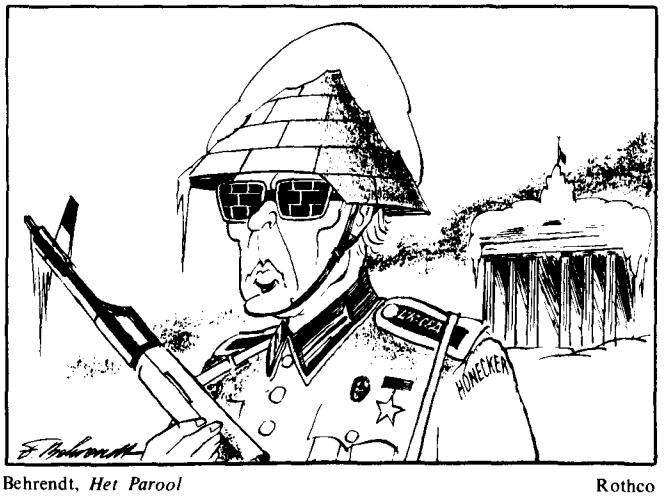
but as a plea for Grace. Is this conservative revisionism or plain ignorance?

Jerome Downes
The Minneapolis Institute of Arts
Minneapolis, Minn.

cc: Gore Vidal, Henrik Ibsen, Ammianus Marcellinus, Gregory of Nazarenus

Dear Mr. Downes: I've asked around the shop here, and you've left us puzzled, sort of. Right up and down to the cc's, where you refer to "Gregory of Nazarenus," which you can't mean, 'cause Gregory was from Nazianzus, which is in Cappadocia, not Galilee. (Jesus was from Nazareth.) And then you send a copy to Gore Vidal; strange, because in his novel *Julian* he dated the "decline of classical learning" earlier than you do, to wit, "Julian, Priscus, and Libanius, the three narrators of this story, all wrote Greek. Their Latin was rather shaky, as they are quick to remind us, but they occasionally use Latin terms, much the way we do." So do our folks. Did you notice that Vidal adds, "For those readers who will search in vain for Julian's famous last words, 'Thou hast conquered, Galilean!' he never said them. Theodoret must take credit for this fine rhetoric, composed a century after Julian's death"? Now, Theodoret wrote in Greek. That means that "*Vicisti, Galilæe*," as you give it, was an early *translation*. In the source, after that cry, Julian adds his very final words, "Yet still do I renounce thee!" Hardly a plea for Grace, but not quite despair either. Oh yes, a final, little point. You refer to the author of *Anabasis* as "Xenophen"; puzzling. Because you say that not getting that word right (in the John Henry Newman story) "demonstrated the shell a classical education had become." So, Newman's student got the book's title off, you got the author's name wrong; some say potato. *Anabasis* is a tough word to translate, which maybe is the reason the translators maintain the original. One of the guys working the typesetters upstairs said forgodsake, don't say to you: *Anégnon, égnon, katégnon*—Julian's jeu de mots in replying to Apollinarius' attack on his paganism. He predicted you'd come back with the retort of St. Basil. Quite right, so now I can't spare him the pain of grinding it out on the typesetter: *Anégnos all'ouk égnos. Ei gar égnos ouk an katégnos!* But boys will be boys, I told him, and it's wrong to spread the rumor that you're not allowed to tell a joke in Minneapolis! Cordially, WFB



Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

Polish Summer, East German Winter

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Do you also ever get the feeling that a quiche is just an effete pizza?

G. P. Lucchetti
Oak Park, Ill.

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Rick [Brookhiser]
Re: Vaticinations

Oh me of little faith. Reagan, I predicted in our September 5 issue, would win the election with 286 electoral votes. Only 203 off.

Other guesses were slightly more accurate. I thought the Libertarian Party would get "a little over a million" votes, with 10 per cent in Alaska. They got 12 per cent of the Alaskan tally, a little over 880,000 votes in all. I pegged the Citizens Party at 150,000 votes; they got 220,000. One thing I picked exactly right: John Anderson went nowhere in the Electoral College.

In the future, I will analyze only those deeper trends that defy mere quantification.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am sure you're aware that Senator Thomas Eagleton was running for re-election here in Missouri, but you probably didn't hear his radio campaign spots. There were two which we got to hear regularly. They made the point that Senator Eagleton cannot be classified as either a liberal or a conservative; he is really all things to us Missourians. But that isn't really the point of my note; it's the sign-off line. The first "message" was closed by a professional radio voice with the words "William E. Buckley, Treasurer." The second was closed by the Senator himself, who says simply, "Sponsored by William Buckley"! Now no one who really follows your columns, *NR*, *Firing Line*, etc. would be fooled, but I wonder if some listeners scattered around these hinterlands might not have formed the false impression?

S. P. Sutera
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Mr. Sutera: No longer! Cordially, —WFB

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The Current WISDOM

The Morning After

NEAL B. FREEMAN

THE PHONE RINGS at seven-bleeping-twenty-seven. That's AYEM. To be even more precise, that's three hours and 14 minutes since we crawled into the sack. It is a friend from the State Department, a Reagan mole. (Yes, the rumors are true. We have penetrated the highest levels of the United States Government.) He asks a favor, a piece of patronage. He seeks the personal pleasure of informing a senior official, his boss presumably, that that official's services will no longer be required. We ponder the request. (We are in a ponderous mood: even the will to live is tinged with ambivalence.) With the authority invested in us by the wave of bureaucratic panic, we grant the request. Our first abuse of power. We roll over and go back to sleep.

It had been an extraordinary evening, the coda of an extraordinary campaign. We began Election Day as we always do, tending to our psychological defenses. Our first stop in the afternoon was at the GOP's ballot security operation. This unit is charged with the responsibility of minimizing vote theft. Reagan's pollster has been quoted during the campaign to the effect that the GOP will have to carry a three-point lead into Election Day. Nine political reporters out of ten have left the loose thread hanging. The tenth has asked the obvious question, to which the pollster's unemotional answer has been: because the Democrats will steal the election if the spread is any tighter than three points. It is a measure of media ennui that nobody has run with the story. The sensational comments have been duly noted and forgotten.

Attorneys for the Republican Party give us a quick inventory of the security problems. False read-offs. Icepicks applied to the punch-cards. Pre-inserted tabulations. Reallocation of machines (leaving long lines in GOP precincts). And this year's innovation from the Democratic heartland in South Philly, election-eve relocation of polling places. We are suitably depressed.

What preventive measures is the GOP taking, we ask? They are glad we asked that question. The party has lined up more than five thousand poll-watchers to put the unblinking eye on ballot boxes in Democratic areas. The scope of the effort is unprecedented, as is the cost, which is estimated to be $400,000. The GOP's ballot security operation is a diversion of human and financial resources, an expense that the truly national opposition party will not be obliged to incur. In a perfect world, such defenses would not be necessary. But we leave with our spirits lifted, convinced that the GOP is not afraid to win. This will be no replay of 1960. If the GOP spots voter fraud, they will demand a recount and take it to court.

WE THEN stop by Reagan-Bush headquarters to shake hands and offer congratulations. Everybody looks terrible. Even the gorgeous twentyish blondes who seem to be everywhere in a presidential campaign. Talk about fatigue. We could exchange this group for the hostages and the mullahs would never know the difference. Through the complexions of campaign-grey, however, the first rosebuds of election-night euphoria are beginning to bloom. The women "just know we are going to win" and the men, pretending to a firmer grip on reality, "feel it coming our way."

The news that blue-collar districts in Indianapolis are going for Reagan by wider margins than they went for Ford sweeps through the building. As Indianapolis goes, so goes the nation. We hope that the Hoosier portents prove to be significant, but we also remember that as of four o'clock Election Day there is no such thing as a losing campaign. Some of these same people were with us 16 years ago as we waited for the silent vote to roll in for Barry.

By the time we reach Bill Brock's blowout at the Washington Hilton the signs are unmistakable. Moving slowly up Connecticut Avenue, we are caught in a traffic jam four blocks from the hotel. There is not a parking place to be had, and the sidewalks are crowded with the capital's best and brightest. With great respect for CBS News, Louis Harris, and the good folks of Indianapolis . . . this is the definitive poll. Washington is voting with its feet.

As we work our way through the lobby, swimming through a sea of political refugees, we are reminded of what a long year it's been. Before we reach the elevators we encounter veterans of the Connally campaign, then Baker people, and a Crane alumna. Shoehorning ourselves New York-style into an elevator, we come belly-to-belly with a young man who ran a singularly effective "attack group" for one of Reagan's intra-party rivals. (To protect his family, most of whom may wish to eat again, we omit his name. But ve haff his file in a safe place.) It was then we knew. It would not be just a good night. It would be a *good* night.

We move from room to room, from party to party, from television to television. All of Washington, it seems, has stuffed itself into a few dozen suites in the Hilton. The Hill people, the writers and thinkers, the lawyers around town —these people watch with a special intensity as the nation conducts a national referendum on their personal futures. The cheers echo down the halls as Quayle of Indiana moves into an insurmountable lead. Then Denton and Abdnor and Hawkins. As the evening wears on, the focus tightens on the New Right hopes of Symms and Grassley. Pencils are out now, scratching, adding, and underlining. A thousand people thinking the unthinkable. The Garn people are whispering to each other—my God, *Banking*, and Orrin will get Labor. The Thurmond people, honeycombed through the Washington power structure, are winking at each other. *Judiciary!* And the Baker people are coming right out with it: "H'ard would rather be Majority Leader than President any day." When ol' Barry limps in a winner, the evening is complete. It is time to go home, and nobody does. □

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Who Needs the UN?

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

If any doubts had remained about the moral bankruptcy of the United Nations, they ought to have been dispelled by the recent General Assembly vote to continue to allow the Pol Pot regime to represent Kampuchea. Admittedly, there were some dissenting voices. Australia, for instance, wanted to withdraw recognition of Pol Pot's government because of its appalling human rights record and its systematic genocide directed against its own people.

Again, France—courage in both hands—abstained, thus earning for President Giscard d'Estaing, on his visit to Peking, the thanks of Cambodia's former Head of State, Prince Sihanouk. Having got out of the clutches of Pol Pot, who made symbolic use of the Prince while he was liquidating one-third to one-half of the population, Sihanouk wants no further part in Kampuchean politics.

Then there are the Thais: their Foreign Minister, Air Chief Marshal Siddhi Savetsila, has been touring Asian capitals to win support for the idea of a new anti-Vietnamese resistance government to replace the infamous Pol Pot team. He was being followed by the Prime Minister, General Prem Tinsulanonda, on his way to Peking to talk the Chinese Communists out of their persistent support of the genocide.

Outraged at Whom?

These dismal sequels of the "noble cause" which the United States fought for in Vietnam are especially painful to those of us who knew Cambodia when all was somnolent and peaceful, when ordinary tourists could visit the ruins of Angkor and when Sihanouk ("Monseigneur" to foreign visitors) was safely in his palace in Phnom Penh playing the saxophone and confounding Mr. Dulles with his heady talk of non-alignment.

It is not exactly easy, morally speaking, to be required to choose between one of the most murderous regimes in history and the intensely repressive puppet regime installed in Phnom Penh by force of Vietnamese arms.

Pol Pot, however, has two things going for him in the eyes of the world: a principle and a backer. The principle is that of sovereignty and international recognition. It is fair to assume that the cowed survivors of Pol Pot's holocaust must have welcomed the conquering Vietnamese, even though they are traditional enemies of the Khmers. At least the mass killings stopped. The UN, however, although generally incapable of stopping wars (its *raison d'être*), can muster a majority to express outrage if one country invades another.

The backer, a powerful one, is of course the Chinese People's Republic, which, if it did not exactly put Pol Pot in power, did help him along. Or, to put it another way, Russia backs Vietnam (its Far Eastern satellite); therefore China backs Pol Pot, since he was ousted by the Vietnamese. Too bad that he killed all those people (two million? three million?), but with a controlled press there is no actual need to draw attention to it.

I have been having wry fun reading what the parties to the dispute have been saying of each other. The New China News Agency's man in the UN, Yu Minsheng, waxed indignant over Vietnam's aggression and the Soviet Union's defense of it. The performance of Nguyen Co Thach in the UN debate was "just as ugly as that of Andrei Gromyko," he declared with feeling.

For its part, *Nhan Dan*, organ of the Vietnamese ruling Workers' Party, recorded the fact that Pol Pot's Number Two man, Ieng Sary, had signed the Convention on Human Rights. This, it said, was "an ironic but logical consequence of the UN vote to give the gang of executioners the right to represent Cambodia."

Moscow, in its world service in English, told the Chinese that the "revolutionary changes" in Kampuchea are irreversible; and the same went for the revolutionary changes in Afghanistan, just in case people should get ideas.

The poor Khmers—those still alive—would not, I imagine, suffer greater hardship than they already do if they were left unrepresented in Manhattan. Indeed, few of us would suffer hardship if similarly unrepresented. The United States, for one, would save itself a great deal of money and regular doses of opprobrium; the United Kingdom, rather less of the former, and its fair share of the latter. I confess to a grudging admiration for those realistic cynics the Soviets (and on occasion the French) who, if they take a dislike to a proposed course of action by the UN, stop paying their dues or withhold support from whatever is proposed.

Such is the masochism of the "Anglo-Saxons," however, that they can always be relied upon to foot the bill for those who attack and deride them. (Interesting, in this context, to calculate how much the American taxpayer contributes to the KGB's enormous spy effort conducted from the UN, in the shape of a massive share of the salaries of that organization's quota of high-level officials. Has this question ever been officially asked? Has it ever been answered?)

And Now SWAPO

If the Western governments should ever withdraw en bloc from this pernicious body, and if the said body, as a result, should collapse from incurable bankruptcy, then there will indeed be sufferers. Those sufferers will be the delegations of the dozens of "emerging" Third World countries whose presence in Manhattan is one of the few tangible rewards for the myth of their "independence."

I am prompted by these reflections to discuss the latest round of talks on Namibia. It is not always possible to defend the South Africans against their detractors, indispensable though their survival is to our own. But it must be said that over Namibia the South African case is a good deal stronger, morally, than that of the UN. Seven years ago, the General Assembly brought its wisdom to bear on the problem of South West Africa and resolved that SWAPO was the "sole and authentic voice" of the people of that territory.

SWAPO, in case you had forgotten, is a Marxist terrorist organization, armed and trained by the Soviets, the East Germans, and the Cubans. Thus the UN, not for the first time, prejudiced the issue of succession in favor of Soviet imperialism.

It is because the UN does things like that, and votes in favor of genocide, that I, for one, would like to save the taxpayers' money by dissolving it. □

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It Can Happen Here.

It was a quiet April evening, shortly before midnight, and Deanna Ussery had already gone to bed. The house was dark except for a nightlight in the bedroom of her eight-year-old daughter, Sheila Ann.

Suddenly, there was an explosion of gunfire, and 12-gauge shotgun slugs shattered Sheila Ann's bedroom windows, ripping her bedspread and tearing holes in the wall just above her bed. Miraculously, no one was hurt. Sheila Ann was away for the night.

A made for TV movie? No, a real-life story of terror in Hot Springs, Arkansas, as set forth in the official record of a trial against a United Steelworkers of America local in Garland County Circuit Court.

It is a story of union violence and harassment against five courageous women who defied the strike orders handed down by officials of a USW local against National Rejectors, Inc. of Hot Springs.

Even after the strike was over, the women were subjected to name calling, obscene language and threats. Glue or grease was rubbed on their chair seats at work. Supervisors had to accompany them to the bathroom for their protection.

There were repeated incidents of hair-pulling, shoving, slapping and tire-slashing. They were pursued in their cars by thugs who tried to run them off the road.

The terror might have continued for many more months if it hadn't been for the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation. The Foundation is the only publicly supported charitable institution in America organized solely to provide free legal aid to employees whose rights have been violated because of abuses resulting from compulsory unionism.

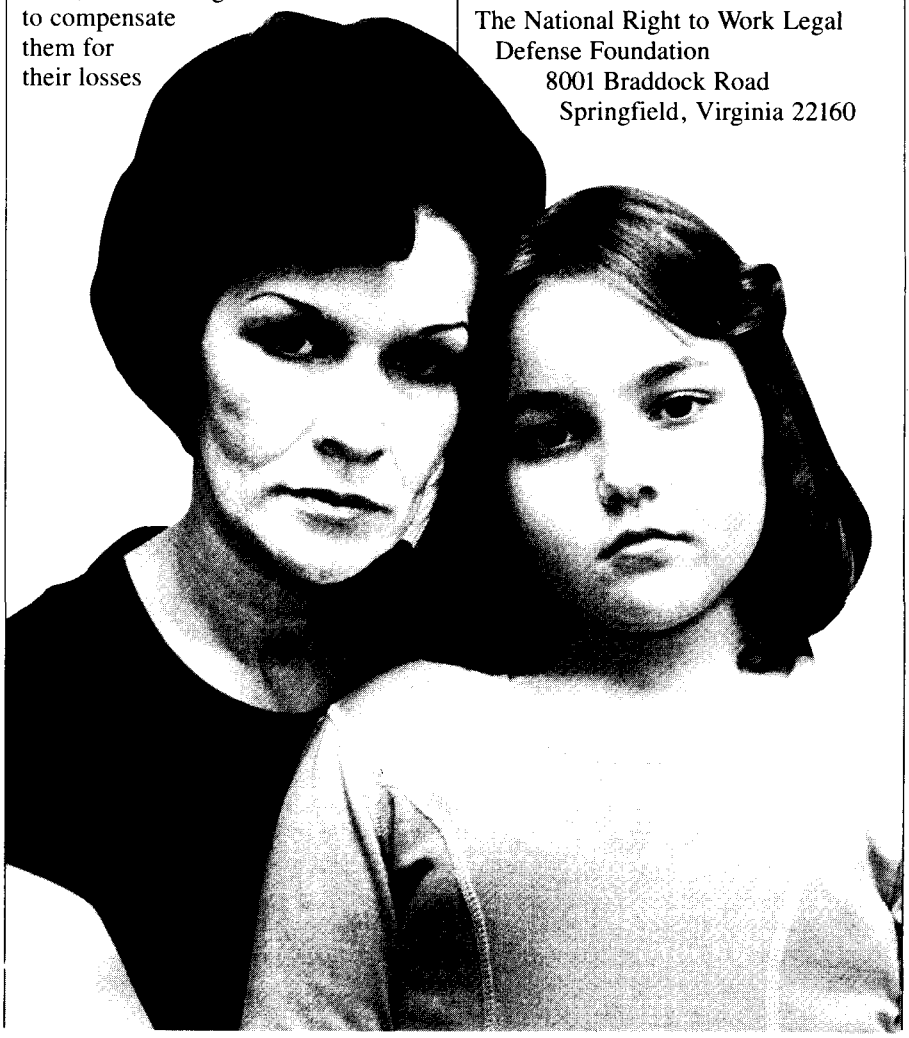
After being asked for help, Foundation attorneys immediately filed charges with the National Labor Relations Board, demanding an end to the campaign of intimidation and terror. The Board swiftly responded and the union publicly promised not to engage in such activities in the future if the NLRB agreed not to prosecute.

With the Foundation's assistance, the five women also brought suit against the union and its officers in the Arkansas state court. In May 1980, a trial court jury awarded them a total of $250,000 in damages to compensate them for their losses and suffering, and to punish the union for its lawlessness.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is currently helping American workers in more than 100 cases across the country, ranging from other union violence cases to those involving academic and political freedom and other fundamental rights. But it would like to do even more.

If you'd like to help Deanna Ussery and other workers like her, we'd like to hear from you.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation
8001 Braddock Road
Springfield, Virginia 22160



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THE REAGAN PRIORITIES

Reagan's Great Opportunity

The Test of a President-Elect

ROBERT D. NOVAK

NO SOONER had the quick-trigger analysts at the National Broadcasting Company, early on the evening of November 4, proclaimed Ronald Reagan as the fortieth President of the United States than commentators began to extol his "moderation." Democratic politicians who had been campaigning against him as an "extremist" were reassuring the nation that Reagan, once in the White House, would move toward the center.

Those forecasts were buttressed by the familiar faces gathered around Reagan in the months following his nomination in Detroit. The worthies of the Nixon-Ford Administration had moved in as his policy advisors and, to a lesser extent, campaign strategists. Almost exclusively, their names were flashed on the television screens as members of the presumptive Reagan Cabinet. A Nixon-Ford restoration, traditionally conservative, would frighten nobody and threaten no radical departures.

Yet the talk of a Nixon-Ford restoration conflicts with the expectations aroused by the Reagan landslide: a revolutionary change in American politics on the scale of the New Deal 48 years earlier, which would transform the political balance of power, establish a new majority political coalition, and overhaul foreign and domestic policy. It is a role personally congenial to Reagan. When elected governor of California in 1966, he talked of setting a "prairie fire" in the West that would show the way to the rest of the nation. Although he never quite succeeded, Reagan's revolutionary impulse survived.

The overriding problem for the Reagan Presidency is whether to approach the current American crisis, both foreign and domestic, with moderate policies adding up to a Nixon-Ford restoration, or to follow his own more radical impulses. Moreover, the specific problems Reagan faces are so intractable that beyond Reagan's overriding choice are smaller agonizing decisions to be made. Besides the issues discussed in the campaign (tax reduction, SALT, reduced domestic spending) there are more exotic questions that cannot be ignored: the draft, the MX missile, a gold standard, affirmative action.

No incoming President since Franklin D. Roosevelt has faced such an array of problems too long unconfronted. Like Roosevelt, Reagan must quickly make decisions that will immutably shape his Presidency.

Problem Number 1: How can Reagan achieve his principal domestic goal of reducing inflation without triggering unemployment that would be politically lethal?

During the campaign, Reagan charted new political ground for Republicans by avoiding their familiar deathwish call for sacrifice, austerity, and lean times. The landslide that was finally achieved derived partly from his portrayal, exotic indeed for Republicans, of a better economic life for ordinary Americans, whose standard of living declined through the second half of the 1970s.

Reagan's principal policy instrument for achieving this is the most radical proposal ever put forth as Republican doctrine: the Kemp-Roth tax-reduction bill. More than just a tax cut, it is a radical affirmation of the private sector—not the government—as the source of economic prosperity. In an economy strangled by a graduated tax system that forces entrepreneurs into tax shelters and blue-collar workers into the underground economy, Reagan was delivering the second emancipation proclamation.

IN ITS purest form, the supply-side economic argument for tax reduction assumes that rising revenues resulting from restoration of incentive will quickly recapture lost tax revenues. But in its practical application, Reagan's tax reduction must be accompanied by a ruthless assault on the federal budget. Whereas Eisenhower in 1953 and Nixon in 1969 never really even tried, Reagan in 1981 must achieve control of the federal budgetary process.

To do this without imposing Republican harder times on top of Democratic hard times will take a scalpel rather than a Republican primitive's battle axe. It cannot be done by attacking food stamps and transfer payments to the poor, not

Mr. Novak, who writes a three-times-a-week syndicated column with Rowland Evans, last appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW *in the August 22 issue with a piece on "Reagan's New Coalition."*

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only because the legislation would take far too long even in the most conservative Congress in a generation, but also because of the social unrest it would bring.

Instead, the route to budgetary control lies in a quick and merciless pruning of the runaway programs of business subsidies, aid to local government units, and bureaucratic growth. While such efforts will be politically popular with mass opinion, Reagan will be assaulting vested interest, with powerful lobbying tentacles into Congress, including some close allies of the Republican Party. The therapy of tax reduction would have to be inextricably bound to this shock treatment, both for economic coherence and for political acceptability.

And it must be done quickly. If Reagan persists in his campaign stump promises to follow his California performance as newly elected governor 14 years ago and set up citizens' task forces to study the problem, he will have missed the next two federal budgets—and his golden opportunity—by the time the well-meaning businessmen became acquainted with the labyrinthine federal process.

This points the way to the need for a genuine Hundred Days, invariably talked about by each new Administration but not duplicated since Roosevelt. Apart from the political impact of a quick start, Reagan can scarcely attempt a radical transformation of the economic scene—massive tax cuts and ruthless budget reform—unless he achieves it as his first priority.

Reagan himself is intellectually and intuitively committed to what Laffer and Kemp advocate. Time and again he resisted efforts to dilute or attenuate Kemp-Roth

Once this has been done, Reagan's right-wing populist economic thinkers inside and outside Congress want him to restore the integrity of the dollar by moving internationally toward a restoration of the gold standard. Reagan himself is by no means convinced he should take this radical step, but he must achieve monetary stability without the money-tightening and the ruinous high interest rates that helped him bring down Jimmy Carter.

Such a radical economic program is by no means accepted by the veterans of Ford Administration days who climbed aboard Reagan's policymaking machinery after his nomination was assured: George Shultz, Alan Greenspan, Charls Walker. They have never been true advocates of Kemp-Roth or any massive lowering of the tax rates and certainly tend reflexively to the Deep Root-Canal School of economics: if the economic dentistry hurts, it *must* be good for you. Another Nixon-Ford veteran, William Simon, is a Deep Root-Canal advocate but might be more interested in a radical tax/budget policy.

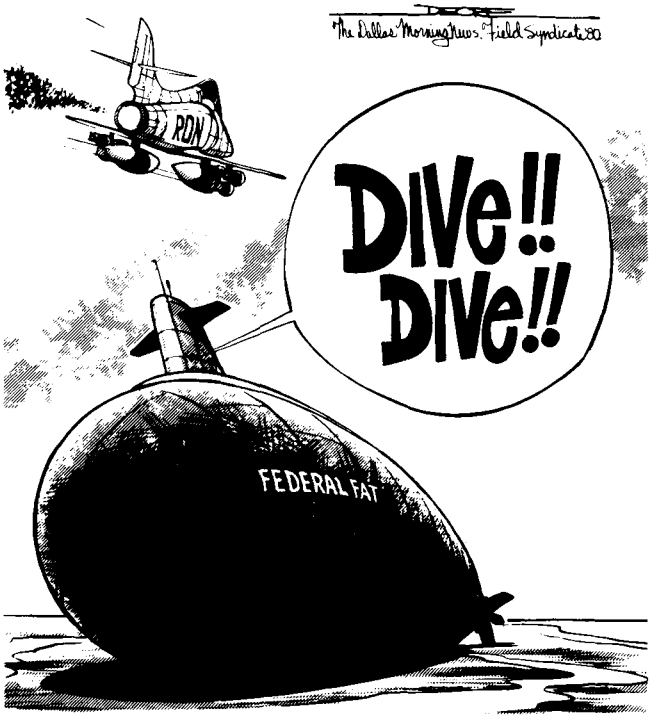
The right-wing economic populists faded away from Reagan's side as the campaign progressed. Professor Arthur Laffer, the most effective popularizer of supply-side economics and discoverer of the Laffer Curve (tax-rate reductions= more revenue), was thrown overboard. Representative Jack Kemp, the political advocate of Lafferism, lost contact with the President-to-be.

But Reagan himself, who fifty years ago studied classical economics at Eureka College, is intellectually and intuitively committed to what Laffer and Kemp advocate. Time and again during the campaign, he resisted efforts to dilute or attenuate Kemp-Roth. Whether he maintains the same stubborn insistence during the transition will determine whether a radical or a traditionally cautious Republican approach shall characterize his Administration's economic policy from the outset.

Problem Number 2: How shall the United States' defense be restored to a level of at least parity with the Soviet Union's?

On the surface, there is no doubt of the new President's intent. Whereas four years ago campaigner Jimmy Carter promised slashes in defense spending, campaigner Ronald Reagan made clear that substantial increases are essential even at the price of deferring a balanced budget.

But a disturbing note was sounded in the final days of the campaign when William Van Cleave, a national security advisor to Reagan, was publicly rebuked by Campaign Chairman William Casey for stating that a Reagan Administration might have to exceed 7 per cent real annual growth in defense spending. The avowed purpose was to prevent any substantiation of President Carter's attempt to paint Reagan as the mad bomber. But in fact, the putdown of Van Cleave reflected the ambivalence about defense spending among Nixon-Ford advisors that resulted in the sacking of James Schlesinger as Defense Secretary in 1975 when he refused to cut his defense budget by $10 billion.



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The budgeteers can be counted on to take another run at the defense budget early in Reagan's Administration. George Shultz, responsible for restrictive defense budgeting in the Nixon Administration, has said publicly that defense spending under Reagan can be no more immune from reductions than domestic expenditures can—a formulation making clear that the authors of the policies of the 1970s are alive and well.

Assuming that Reagan can and will stave off this attack on the Pentagon, he faces difficult decisions on how specifically to restore U.S. credibility as both a nuclear and a conventional power.

He will have to contend with a wide array of varying opinions about how to correct the present vulnerability of the U.S. deterrent. His own advisors are badly split, for example, on what to do with the MX missile project proposed by the Carter Administration. Reagan must quickly decide a whole range of issues: Should the MX be pursued in its currently proposed form? Should SALT II constraints be set aside to simplify and improve the system? Should a large or a small missile be developed?

Establishment pressure for detente, funneled through Kissinger allies on the transition team, is intense. That is why the fate of Richard Allen is so important

Much more difficult personally for Reagan will be the question of how to go about strengthening our conventional forces. All Reagan's advisors believe that force levels, particularly for the Army, must be raised dramatically. But salary levels for the Volunteer Armed Forces are grossly inadequate, as Reagan stressed repeatedly during his campaign. The combination of more men for more money sends defense spending through the roof.

This could be partially alleviated, in the opinion of practically all Reagan's national security advisors, by the reimposition of the draft. But Reagan himself campaigned unequivocally and vigorously against the draft and will not easily be turned around. Nothing will be settled here quickly; the conflict between national security demands and Reagan's personal inclinations will be a continuing struggle well into his Administration.

Problem Number 3: Shall the quest for detente be de-emphasized, and, if so, how shall this be done?

A major break from Carter in many aspects of foreign policy is certain. Relations with Chile, Argentina, and South Korea will warm up, while a cooler posture is taken toward leftist Third World nations. The pressure against South Africa will ease, while the courtship of black Africa will diminish.

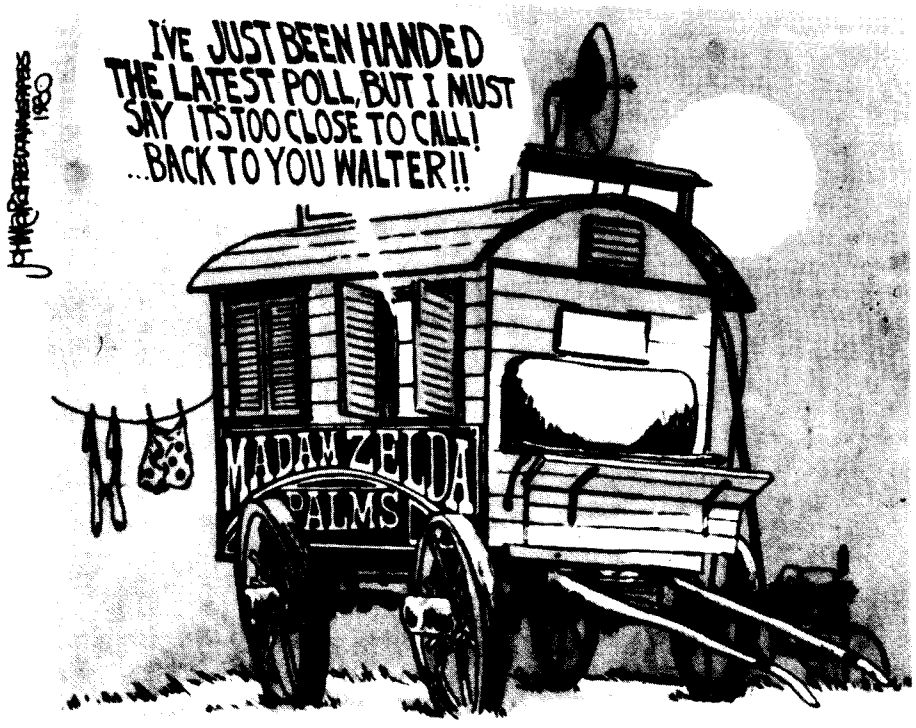
BUT THE broader question of detente with the Soviet Union is by no means a settled one. Although Henry Kissinger is almost surely out of the picture as Secretary of State, a return to the Ford Administration detentism that denied Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn an invitation to the White House is not. Establishment pressure for detente, funneled through Kissinger allies on the transition team, is intense.

That is why the fate of Richard Allen is so important. The question of alleged conflict-of-interest violations as a minor official in Nixon Administration days conceals the basic controversy surrounding Allen as a symbol of anti-Kissinger, anti-detente sentiment. His failure to be named National Security Advisor would signal victory for the detentists.

Problem Number 4: How much of the elaborate program of government regulation shall be dismantled immediately?

There is no debate on whether the power of the most flagrant anti-growth regulators and environmentalists in the government should be curtailed immediately. Hard days are ahead for the Environmental Protection Agency, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Interior Department. Their powers can be reduced by executive order, without congressional approval. On these points, everybody on the Reagan team marches in lock step. Environmentalists were a big loser on November 4.

But on other aspects of dismantling the bloated Federal Government, there is disagreement. There is a reluctance, for example, to defy the Establishment by trying to abolish the Department of Education less than a year after it was



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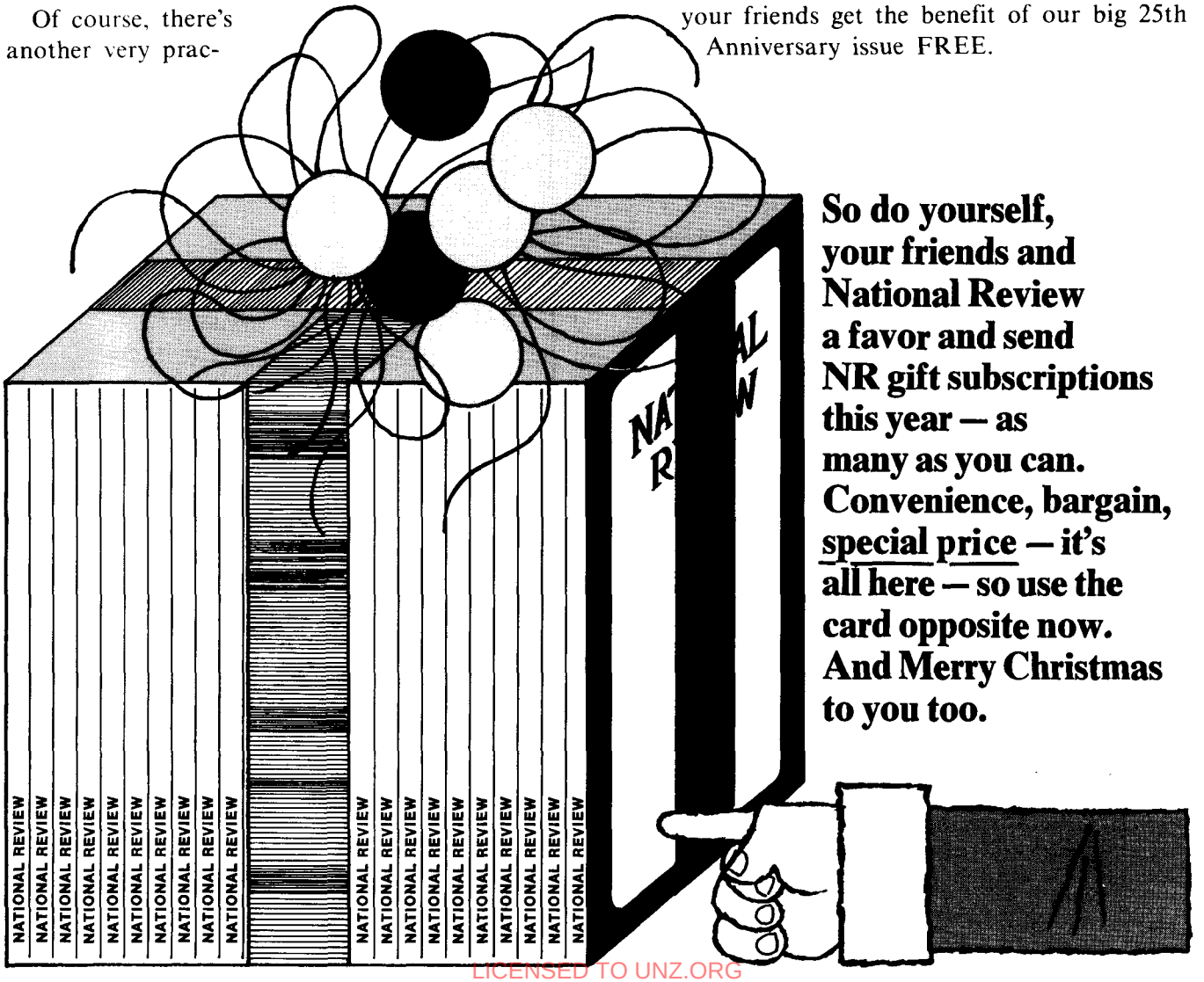

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established. There is similar reluctance to cut back sharply on the powers of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA). Nor is there an inclination to speed decontrol of oil prices, much less to alter substantially the oil windfall profits tax.

Some of this caution is calculated. Not tampering much with OSHA could be the basis for a deal with Big Labor over budget reductions. Quick oil decontrol, coupled with trouble in the Persian Gulf, could saddle the new Administration with blame for feeding the inflationary cycle. Tampering with the windfall profits tax would be sheer political folly.

Problem Number 5: How can special advantages for minority groups be amended without roiling the racial waters?

Reagan has not disguised his own opposition to either forced school busing or the affirmative action program's imposition of racial quotas. The political net gain in such opposition is substantial. The unpopularity of busing and quotas is manifest, and in fact is a hidden cause of the Democratic defections to Reagan on election day.

But the response by blacks to what would be demagogically interpreted as a racist assault on them worries Reagan's advisors. What he needs least as he seeks a new majority coalition is a revival of inner-city rioting.

The answer to how to provide some compensatory benefits to the black community is not easily found. Anti-busing, anti-quota statements by pro-Reagan blacks such as economist Thomas Sowell will not be sufficient. The Kemp-Garcia program for tax-free zones in inner cities, eagerly embraced by Reagan, can only provide demonstration programs with no immediate visible benefits.

Reagan can attempt to soften the impact of anti-busing and anti-quota actions by public appearances in black areas. Ultimately, however, he must depend on his economic program to raise the condition of blacks as well as whites.

Problem Number 6: How can the victory of November 4 be transformed into a long-term political coalition?

One obvious answer is to bring some prominent Democrats into the Cabinet. The well-known availability of Senator Henry M. Jackson for Secretary of State provides Reagan with a breathtaking opportunity. While simultaneously sending a clear anti-detentist signal, Jackson would show defense-oriented Democrats they are welcome in the Reagan Administration. Given the strong inclination of many Democratic politicians to illogically turn left in the wake of defeat, the co-opting of Jackson would be a spectacular blow. It is, therefore, curious that Jackson in the Cabinet has been vigorously resisted by such Reagan insiders as William Simon and Caspar Weinberger.

But more important than enlisting Democratic names is whether Reagan's economic policies work. Roosevelt's New Deal could be a political success without achieving full economic success by instilling hope where none existed, but Reagan must do more. He must end the economic stagnation and do it soon.

So, all of the questions to be answered by Reagan in his first days turn on his willingness, ability, and determination to launch a major new economic program based on radical tax reduction and early control of the budget. The alternative is a false start for Reagan, a deterioration of international economic markets, and continued stagflation. Instead of a new era of Republican dominance, Reagan would echo the futility of his two Republican predecessors.

That futility resulted under Nixon and Ford in galloping federal spending, massive surrender to environmentalists and regulators, decline of the defense establishment, resort to economic novelties such as wage-price controls and a floating dollar, and the onset of stagflation. The overwhelmingly liberal Congress must share the blame, but the Nixon-Ford policies are by no means exempt.

The voters who broke traditional loyalties to support Republicans on November 4, while rejecting Carter, were not asking for a return to Nixon and Ford. While not knowing exactly what they want that is new, they are unmistakably saying no to what is old, whether Republican or Democratic. It is their voices that Ronald Reagan must balance against the advice and approbation of the Establishment as he makes his historic decisions in the weeks to come. □

Glorobots

The robotical judge never knew
Which ethical dictum was true:
  "To forgive is divine,"
  Or "Vengeance is mine"—
So he simply rotated the two.

A Godlike computer named Lorder
Was making a world, when a border
  Of instruments jammed,
  And lo! he was damned,
And brought a new chaos from order.

A robotical Buddhist, acquiring
A taste for the fruits of desiring,
  Abandoned the mana
  Of numbing Nirvana,
And underwent major rewiring.

The robotic translator could speak
In German, French, Latin, and Greek,
  In prose or in rhyme,
  One tongue at a time,
Or together in one awful shriek.

—Gloria Maxson

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MONT PELERIN SOCIETY

Robber Governments

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IN CHOOSING the Hoover Institution at Palo Alto, California as the site for its 1980 general meeting in September, the Mont Pelerin Society was right on the mark in several respects. To begin, the Hoover is Ronald Reagan's own most specially prized think-tank. Its Nobel Prize-winning Milton Friedman, now permanently domiciled in the area, happens also to be a Mont Pelerin past president. Its Martin Anderson, also a Mont Pelerin member, has been a leader among Ronald Reagan's "issues men." If the country is really going back to its traditional voluntaristic ways, hearkening to the message of Milton and Rose Friedman's most recent work, *Free to Choose*, it will be due in no small measure to the Hoover and to Mont Pelerin.

The surrounding atmosphere—or, better to say, the culture—of the Palo Alto region along the south arm of San Francisco Bay was also right for Mont Pelerin deliberations. To be sure, the academics of Leland Stanford University are not notably biased toward economic freedom. But it was the electrical engineering department and laboratories of Stanford that nurtured the physicists who produced the local miracle known as Silicon Valley.

This region is the home of all those little shops, some of them born in garages, that have given us the semiconductor technology that has revolutionized the computer business. Stanford produces one out of every eight computer-science PhDs in the country, and it is these academics who have contrived the way to put thousands of bits of stored information on a single silicon chip the size of a dime. It is the tiny silicon chip that has knocked the spots out of the collective cost of computers. The newest chip, which is just coming on the market, can store 65,000 pieces of information. Allied to other chips that "microprocess" the information bits, the dime-sized memory bank will have a thousand uses, slashing costs throughout the entire economy.

The history of computer pricing lent special point to the opening paper of Mont Pelerin President Manuel Ayau, a student of Ludwig von Mises who has started his own anti-interventionist university in Guatemala City. The priorities involving the silicon chip would never have been established without a voluntaristic pricing system based on private ownership and freedom to bargain from a base.

THE SIX hundred members and guests of Mont Pelerin didn't have to come to Palo Alto to learn that capitalism works. What they had come to hear was how a people who claim to have been born free can get government off their entrepreneurial backs. With a new industry such as the making of silicon chips, it is possible to capitalize on brains. But eventually the planners and the regulators catch up with the pioneer enterpriser, making it more and more difficult for him to keep his profits to plow back into further innovation.

The economic papers read at the Mont Pelerin conference canvassed such subjects as "Can Monetary Policy Make a Difference?" "Denationalization and Deregulation," "International Migration," "The Underground Economy," "Can Economic Policy Make a Difference?" "Do Conservative Governments Make a Difference?" "The Limits of Taxation," and "How Can Governments Be Restricted?" If a general verdict on these interrelated topics had been rendered, it would have been on the pessimistic side.

The trouble is refractory politicians. Margaret Thatcher had the good sense when she became Britain's Prime Minister to make Mont Pelerin's Ralph Harris a lord, but to the question of whether Mrs. Thatcher's government had acted fast enough to take Mont Pelerian advice, the non-complaisant Lord Harris's answer was no. The reduction of the top income tax in Britain from 83 per cent to 60 per cent was, in effect, canceled out by an increase in the value added tax from 8 per cent to 15 per cent. The crabwise nature of Mrs. Thatcher's policy caused Lord Harris to make the rueful comment that if the Tories continue to drag things out, little will come of the famous Conservative victory.

Milton Friedman was more cheerful than Ralph Harris, or than Norway's Ole Jacob Hoff or Sweden's Sven Rudenfelt. Bill Simon offered a five-point program for balancing the budget, and for limiting taxes, government spending, the issuance of paper money, and the growth of the regulatory system. The Fed alone, he said, couldn't halt the inflation; it will take a general perception that government is force, and that man wasn't born to be pushed around.

Since conservatives in power do so little to alter the doomsday policies of liberal predecessors, where do our hopes for regeneration lie? The Mont Pelerin meeting came up with some most embarrassing answers. Nobody present dared to recommend the deliberate breaking of interventionist, and therefore bad, laws. But several of the papers demonstrated, quite objectively, that when laws are stupid, men will break them to survive.

The most enlivening sessions dealt with the underground economy. Antonio Martino's "Another Italian Economic Miracle?" took off from his own definition of "economics as the study of unintended effects." He recalled the politicians of an Italian town in the Abruzzi who sought to wipe out vipers by offering a reward for every viper killed. What happened was that the local peasants started breeding vipers.

The Italian government, with its tax policies, its high rate of monetary growth, its nationalizations, and its general interventionism, has stimulated the breeding of vipers all over the place. But how to prove the extent of the Italian underground economy? Mr. Martino sets forth a puzzle: at a certain point in the expansion of Italian mone-

Mr. Chamberlain is the author of, among other works, The Roots of Capitalism, *a new edition of which has recently been published by Liberty Press.*

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living to collect checks longer.[1] While inflation's share of those checks keeps increasing.

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[1]America is crossing over to what's been called "the other side of the baby boom." The median age is shifting upwards, and with it the proportion of over-65's to the general population. In 1979 there were 5.4 workers to every retiree, as opposed to 7.5 to 1 in 1950, and by 2030 the ratio will be about 3 to 1.

[2]Social Security was never *intended* to be more than a basic system supplemented by private pensions and individual savings. The price for forgetting this has been high and promises to get higher: combined employer/employee FICA taxes on our grandchildren's salaries could reach 25%. Of course, there are alternatives. Social Security could increase the official retirement age, pay benefits based on government-determined need, or simply ... *reduce benefits in general!*

[3]Two-thirds of small businesses surveyed in 1978 offered no pension plans at all. One reason: Typically, big employers can write off 46¢ in taxes for every pension dollar they contribute, while most small ones can only write off about 20¢. In some cases, they can't write off anything.

[4]Our real estate and participating mortgage separate accounts, for example, are designed to offer larger returns in the face of double-digit inflation. We've also helped fund the Pension Research Council's study of pensions and inflation.

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tary growth, the rate of inflation started going down. If price inflation results from a growing amount of paper chasing a limited amount of goods, this shouldn't have happened. The obvious explanation of the paradox was that the underground economy was pumping goods and services into the marketplace to soak up the excess *lire*.

Mr. Martino offered his own astounding estimates of the number of workers engaged in off-the-books economic transactions that make computer science and economic "fine-tuning" a hearty Italian joke. Of the officially unemployed in Italy, one half of them have "unofficial" jobs while they continue to draw unemployment benefits. Some 1.4 million young people between the ages of 14 and 29 hold "precarious" jobs while they are listed as students and hence outside the labor force. More than a million people over fifty years of age, while drawing pensions, continue to do "unofficial" work. Housewives work too—and report nothing to the government. Altogether, says Mr. Martino, the Italian underground economy employs around six million persons—and there is moonlighting involving an additional 1.3 million. The Post Office in Rome employs 1,500 people. A private mail service called Romana Recapiti employs three hundred people and offers faster and more reliable service than the government provides. Curiously, most of the three hundred private mail deliverers are moonlighting employees whose rate of absenteeism from their official jobs at the Post Office is in the neighborhood of 50 per cent. Hence the definition of a government ministry as a building where those who are a bit late to work meet on the stairs those who leave work a bit early.

The only conclusion that Mr. Martino can draw from his study is that lawlessness, in Italy, is what has saved the country. It produces between one-fourth and one-third of the national income. Well, Bastiat said that no society can exist if the law is not respected to some degree. But he also said that the safest way to make laws respected is to make them respectable. Until the laws in Italy are changed, says Mr. Martino, "the best the Italians can hope for is affluence from lawlessness."

Bad laws in Mexico drive "wetbacks" into the United States, where, because their immigration is not countenanced by American law, they join an underground economy that is increasingly important to the GNP. Luis Horacio Duran, reporting on this for the benefit of the Mont Pelerians, closed his paper on a quizzical note: "Could it be possible or even desirable for the United States to decrease or stop the flow of immigrants—legal or illegal—from Mexico?" To tamper with the process might provoke a leftist revolution in Mexico, and it would certainly deprive the American economy of some needed services.

The idea that the underground economy is a phenomenon connected with Latin temperament was dispelled by Sven Rudenfelt's paper on "The Limits of Taxation: Lessons from Sweden." Mr. Rudenfelt remarked that Swedish tax rates have resulted in a subterranean economy that may amount to 25 per cent of the total GNP. All over Sweden people exchange goods and services without any money changing hands. There are 215,000 more part-time workers, and 160,000 fewer full-time workers, than there were three years ago. The reason: part-timers don't get on the tax collectors' books. Also, no one in "welfarist" Sweden will take pay for overtime. The preference is to take payment in the form of extra holidays.

Gunter Schmolders, a former president of Mont Pelerin, objected to the use of the word "underground" to describe what Messrs. Martino, Duran, and Rudenfelt were talking about. He offered the name "shadow economy" as ethically preferable. A "shadow economy" indicates faith in a free market and proves to the politicians that there is a higher law than anything they might propose. Mr. Schmolders said the shadow economy had kept Germany from starving in 1944-46. Britain's Barbara Shenfield supported Mr. Schmolders: she wants a different name for the off-the-books economy in Britain that is generating some 7 per cent of GNP despite Anglo-Saxon queasiness about lawbreaking.

In yet another paper on "underground" economic manifestations, Count Max Thurn of Austria added to the evidence that Italy is not alone in expressing contempt for government impositions that crib, cabin, and confine human efforts to make life more bearable. The statement—made, as I recall, in the give-and-take after the formal paper—that fully one-half of those who are listed as unemployed in France have full-time jobs in the "shadow," or "underground," or "parallel," or "irregular," or "submerged," economy, was absolutely staggering.

I left the Mont Pelerin meeting with two reflections uppermost in my mind. One was that we need a return to a simpler form of taxation—say a flat tax of 10 per cent across-the-board—if we are ever to have honest statistics to feed into those remarkable silicon chips made in the shadow of the Hoover Institution tower at Stanford University. The second reflection bore on my own pusillanimity. It would not disturb my ethical sense to become a tax rebel. But it would bother me dreadfully to risk going to jail. Life is too short to take that risk. But braver men than I will follow the Italian way. It's a sobering thought that the best will be forced to do the worst as governments more and more take on the moral lineaments of robbers. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

The Lady's Not for Turning

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

DITCH THE BITCH—meaning Margaret Thatcher—was one of the badge-slogans worn at the Labor Party's annual conference. This made the feminists among her opponents very cross: and, for once, the feminists were right. The fact that Mrs. Thatcher is a woman no longer seems to have any political significance; it renders her neither more disliked nor more admired.

The crudeness and brutality of that slogan is perhaps relevant. The language of the Labor Party conference was relentlessly violent, with words like "traitor," "annihilate," and "destroy" being hurled around even in the debate on education. Private schools were described as "evil" and the children who attend them as "the gilded youth of the idle rich."

Nor did the violence stop at mere words; there has been physical intimidation, both at the conference and elsewhere, of "moderates" who try to resist the increasing takeover of the party by the hard Left.

Attacks on Mrs. Thatcher and her government were almost perfunctory. What fired the delegates was their attacks on each other, the pounce of the Trotskyists on the feebly protesting, belatedly resisting, social democrats. After the last session they all joined hands, including ex-Prime Minister James Callaghan and his principal left-wing opponent, Anthony Wedgwood-Benn, for the traditional singing of "The Red Flag": but this was the nearest they came to unity, and even then some of the young militants, brandishing clenched fists, made it clear that, for them, "The Red Flag" was not just a piece of sentimental Labor Party mythology.

This year's party conferences luridly illumined the political landscape of Britain, revealing tensions and forces which will make themselves felt over the coming months.

Superficially the Conservative Party conference was extremely decorous. This appearance of harmony reflected the customary skill of the party managers, who ruthlessly suppress dissent; the genuinely greater political agreement among Conservatives than among Socialists (bitter faction being very much a characteristic of the Left); and an almost priggish determination by the delegates to show how much better behaved Conservatives are.

Benn's Moderation

Even Labor supporters admit that the Labor Party conference was a shambles. Mr. Wedgwood-Benn (who was a hereditary peer but relinquished his title, and was himself privately educated but has expunged that embarrassing fact from the record) drew roars of approval with a passionate speech in which he said that, within a month of taking office, the next Labor Government should rush bills through Parliament to extend nationalization vastly, to control the movement of capital, to withdraw Britain from the European Common Market, and to abolish the House of Lords (with the aid of one thousand specially created kamikaze peers who would vote themselves out of existence). This, he added, was "a moderate program, the least we can do."

The conference also decided unanimously that private education and private medicine should be made illegal. A motion committing the next Labor Government to withdraw from NATO was defeated: but resolutions were passed in favor of unilateral nuclear disarmament, closing down all nuclear bases, British or American, on British soil or in British waters, and refusing to participate in any defense policy based on the use or threatened use of nuclear weapons—a commitment incompatible, in practice, with continued membership in NATO.

The Left has also contrived that Labor Members of Parliament will in future have to be regularly "re-selected" by their local party organizations—which are overwhelmingly controlled by the Left. And a new system of selecting the party leader will be introduced next year, giving more power to the block votes of the trade unions, several of which are Communist-controlled, and to the hard-Left party activists.

The transformation of the Labor Party from social-democratic Dr. Jekyll to Marxist Mr. Hyde has been slowed somewhat by the party's selection of Michael Foot rather than Tony Benn to succeed James Callaghan; Foot is also on the leftward edge of the party, but he at least retains some touch with reality. Nonetheless, the constitutional implications of the Left's strategy—a Labor Prime Minister effectively chosen by an extraparliamentary caucus; a single-chamber Parliament able to extend its own life indefinitely—are extremely grave. Many people feel that Britain now urgently needs some kind of entrenched safeguards, a Bill of Rights at least. Mrs. Thatcher, however, is not anxious to add the complexities and controversies of constitutional reform to the problems with which she is already struggling.

Two Cheers for Maggie

At the Conservative Party conference, after a wholly unremarkable speech, she was given a six-minute standing ovation. One commentator described her as the most charismatic leader of the party since Winston Churchill. Her admirers certainly appear devoted. But Ted Heath was given almost as rapturous a reception only a few weeks before he was sacked from the leadership of the party. There is no immediate similar threat to Mrs. Thatcher: on the contrary, she is very firmly in control. But half the members of the cabinet are uneasy about her economic policy, and resent being lectured by her. Their speeches at the conference hinted broadly at their position. If she fails, the knives will be out quickly enough.

This Conservative Government—which is very much her government—has been in office now for a year and a half, a

Mr. Lejeune, NR's London correspondent, has recently completed a book on men's clubs.

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third of its allotted span. At this stage all administrations start to boast of their achievements, and their supporters to wonder why so little has been achieved.

On the credit side for Mrs. Thatcher's government is, according to the conventional view, the Rhodesian settlement (although how that will turn out remains to be seen), the reduction in the higher rates of income tax (but the total burden on the average taxpayer has still not been reduced, and nothing has been done about the grossly unfair taxes on capital), and the complete abolition of exchange controls (which has never received the applause it deserves). A mass of socialist legislation remains untouched: but at least it is not being added to.

Hold That Axe

On the central economic front, where the decisive battle must be fought, there has been so far neither clear victory nor clear defeat. The money supply has proved more difficult to control than most Thatcherite Conservatives, including Mrs. Thatcher, anticipated. The reduction of public spending has proved harder still. Every touch of the axe produces a clamor of indignation. Long before any substantial savings have been made, the spending departments and spendthrift municipalities announce that their budgets have already been pared to the bone, so that any further cuts would inflict terrible hardship on little old ladies and innocent children.

Partly because the government continues to borrow too much, interest rates are savagely high. The effects of world recession are exacerbated. A lot of factories have closed down, men have been laid off, firms have gone bankrupt. Unemployment has reached record heights, although as a proportion of the work-force it is still nowhere near as bad as in the Thirties, and redundancy pay and welfare benefits are infinitely better.

This stringency is starting to produce more realistic wage settlements in the private sector: but the nationalized monopolies have largely continued, so far, just to put up their prices and demand subsidies. The inflation rate is inching down—with the inevitable consequence that inflation has been replaced, as people's chief worry, by unemployment, and the government is under great pressure to relax its anti-inflation policy.

Calls for "reflation" (which would mean deliberately adding more inflation to the existing inflation) come from the trade unions, from industry, and, in muffled or coded terms, from what Mrs. Thatcher once called the "wets" in her own government.

A similar unholy alliance between trade unionists and industrialists urges import controls and opposes legislation which would outlaw the convenience (for them) of the closed shop. Among the wettest of Mrs. Thatcher's wet ministers is the man responsible for drafting new trade union law, James Prior. The result is that much less is being done to curb the unions than was hoped, or expected, when the Conservatives won the election. The root cause of Britain's economic trouble—appallingly low productivity—shows only very small signs of improvement.

The alternative policies urged by Mrs. Thatcher's critics would, after a brief remission, actually make matters worse, rendering British goods even more uncompetitive. The Marxist Left accepts the logic of its position and would turn Britain into an East European-style siege-economy: the Labor moderates and Conservative wets are more inclined just to take a very short political and economic view—as British governments have been doing ever since the War.

No 'U-Turn'

Mrs. Thatcher, although she yielded to the Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, over Rhodesia and to Mr. Prior over trade union reform and has continued to subsidize ailing industries which don't deserve it, is adamant against making—as Ted Heath did—a "U-turn" on the basic economic issue. ("You turn if you want to. The lady's not for turning," she said in her conference speech.) Reassuringly, she has just appointed, as her personal economic advisor, Professor Alan Walters, an unswerving "monetarist" who left England in disgust during Harold Wilson's regime and went to teach in America. Mrs. Thatcher has lured him back. The wets are not pleased.

Reassurance is needed, if only because the stakes are now so high—and high not for Britain alone but for other Western countries too. Perhaps unfairly, since the policy is not being consistently pursued, Britain will be taken as a test case for "monetarism," a term which really stands for little more than economic common sense but which the advocates of unsound money and bad housekeeping treat as if it were some strange foreign idol to which Britons are being cruelly sacrificed.

More important still, after the Labor Party conference, is the future of Britain as a strategically key member of the Western Alliance—and indeed as a free country. Only a very small proportion of the British electorate would actively and consciously like to see the hard Left in power, but public opinion polls, even after the conferences, put Labor slightly in the lead. Disillusionment with Mrs. Thatcher's economic policy, if tangible benefits are not forthcoming in time, could therefore have incalculable political consequences. At best it will be, as the Duke of Wellington said about Waterloo, "a damned nice-run thing." □

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As you probably know . . .

. . . Bill Buckley recently published the latest in his series of spy thrillers (*Who's on First*, selling now in bookstores nationwide). It continues the international adventures of Blackford Oakes, a dashing ex-Yale CIA agent — it's the third Buckley novel to date. The first (*Saving the Queen*) is no longer available, but we *do* have a number of copies of the *second* one, *Stained Glass*, in the original hardcover edition (retail price $8.95).

If you have not yet read any of these best-selling books, we can offer you the opportunity to get a *free* and postpaid copy of *Stained Glass* if you will do us the favor of subscribing now (or renewing your current subscription) for a full year (26 issues) at no more than the current $24 rate. That's right: you get the $8.95 book absolutely *free* if you take advantage of this offer *now*.

Of course what we expect you will do is read and enjoy *Stained Glass* — then run right out and buy the latest one as well! But whatever you do, don't miss this opportunity to get one of the original Buckley novels *free*.

Stained Glass is a perfect example of *why* these novels have won such critical acclaim. Sure, they're in the thriller *genre*, but only Bill Buckley would dare add all the other elements — marvelous stuff you won't find in anybody else's novels, you can be sure. This one takes place some seven years after World War II (round about when Buckley himself was in the CIA . . .), and has plenty of action and a plot that will keep you guessing right up to the final pages. More, it really *does* involve *Stained Glass* — and what you learn will illuminate that fascinating art as do the windows themselves (i.e., you'll see it all from the inside).

Again, don't miss this opportunity to get this famous thriller *free*. Just use the card facing this page right now.

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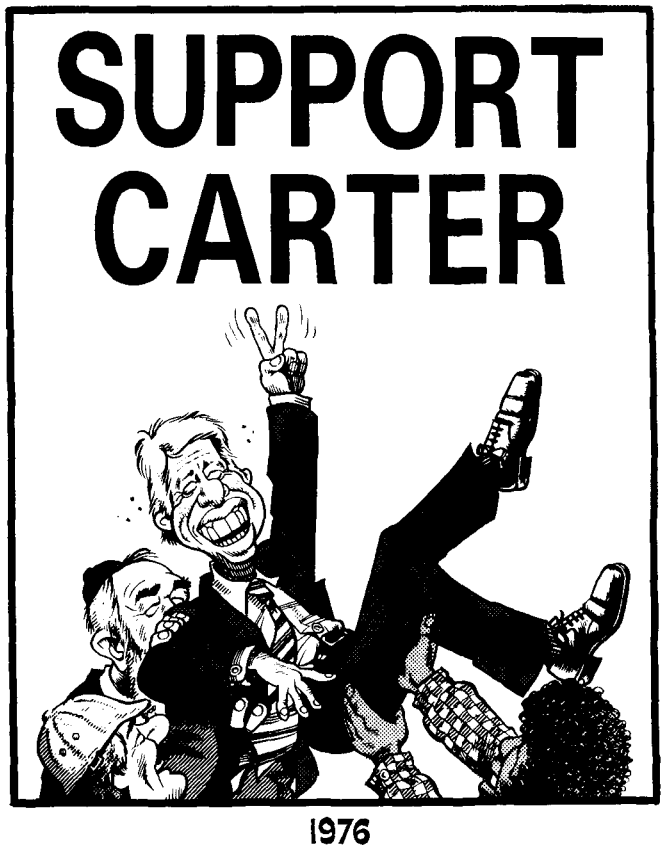
help !!!!

How Sweet It Is

Sullied by tooth and tongue;
Said to reside among
Daddies who eat their young,
  Each slander coarser,
Reagan refused to spew
Similar salvos, *Phew!*
Counseling Carter to
  "Go, sin no more, Sir."

W. H. von Dreele

"It's a mistake inviting a conservative and a liberal to the same party. Bailey wants to save unborn babies and Rankin wants to save the snail darters."



1976

1980

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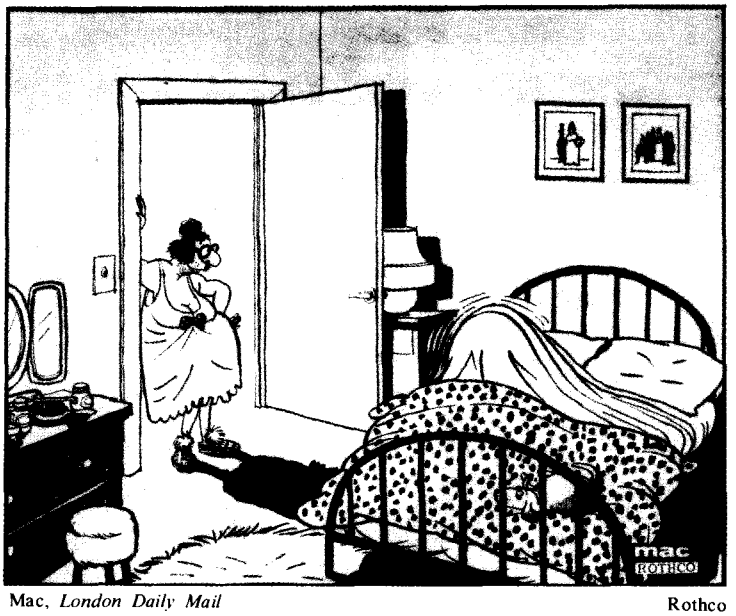
Ross

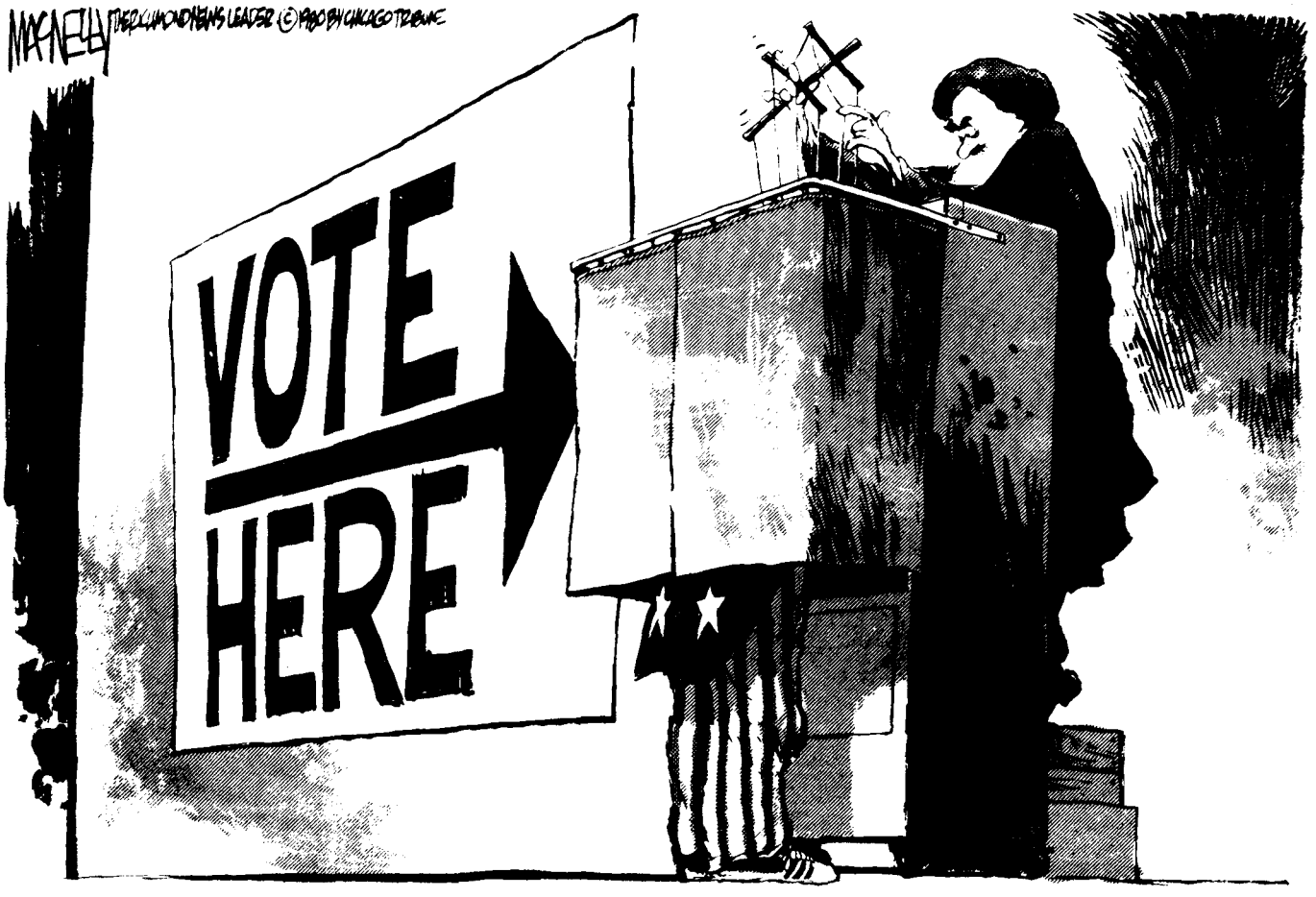
Rothco



Mac, *London Daily Mail*

Rothco

"Come on, Cyril, the Pope'll never know—just one little lustful look."



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SCORING THE BRETHREN

Judging the Justices' Judges

JOHN MASSARO

A FEW YEARS ago, a group of law-school deans and professors of law, history, and political science reputedly expert in constitutional law evaluated all the justices who had served on the Supreme Court up until 1969. The academics in effect rated each justice on a scale of five to one, with corresponding verbal descriptions as follows: "great" (five); "near great" (four); "average" (three); "below average" (two); and "failure" (one). The editors of the *American Bar Association Journal* subsequently published the results of the survey and solemnly intoned that conclusions drawn from the scholars' ratings would be likely to be a help in the future selection of justices.

These ratings of the justices are only now finding their way into the literature on the Supreme Court. As time passes, a growing number of scholars will, no doubt, come to rely upon the ratings as a summary device for assessing the quality of individual justices. Before the ABA-published rankings are absorbed into the conventional wisdom concerning the high tribunal, however, and all sorts of unchallenged conclusions based upon the sacrosanct ratings of the professors are put forth, we should attempt to discover whether the survey results are free from ideological bias. Put another way, before an individual justice is undisputedly branded a "failure" in future textbooks on the Court, we should be assured that this dubious distinction was due to extraordinary incompetence on his part and not simply to the fact that his ideology was viewed as alien, or worse, by the panel of experts.

Given the growing sophistication on the subject of judicial behavior, it is now possible to make some assessment as to whether ideological bias is present in the scholars' judicial ratings. Glendon Schubert, a noted authority on judicial ideology, has categorized those justices who evinced a sharply focused and easily distinguishable political and economic ideology during their tenure on the Court. According to Schubert, approximately forty justices can be unequivocally characterized in terms of the four major categories of 1) political liberal, 2) political conservative, 3) economic liberal, and 4) economic conservative.

The justices whom Schubert puts in the category of "political liberals" are those who generally support civil rights and liberties, notably personal privacy, fair procedure, religious freedom, and political freedom. Included among this group of 12 are Justices William O. Douglas and Hugo L. Black, and Chief Justice Earl Warren. Numbered among the nine outstanding "political conservatives"—characterized by Schubert as upholders of law and order and defenders of the status quo—are Chief Justices William H. Taft and Frederick M. Vinson and Associate Justices Byron R. White and Tom C. Clark. The 14 "economic liberals," whom Schubert sees as favoring a more equal distribution of wealth, goods, and services, are typified by Justices Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis Brandeis as well as Douglas, Black, and Warren. Included among the 13 "economic conservatives," whom Schubert describes as defenders of private enterprise, vested interests, and broad differentials in wealth and income between laborers and the owners of property, are Justices Stephen J. Field, Felix Frankfurter, John M. Harlan (the younger), and Potter Stewart.

We are now in a position to ask whether bias was present in the ratings. It is reasonable to expect that the average ratings given by the experts to justices of varied political and economic ideologies would be roughly the same. (This expectation is, of course, based upon the logical supposition that quality or its lack is generally distributed evenly among justices of all ideological leanings and that the ratings of the professors would reflect this phenomenon without substantial variation.) Are justices of opposing ideologies in fact evenly represented throughout the professors' rankings?

The average rating given by the panel of experts to Schubert's "political liberals" among the justices was a classy 4.17, while the mean score for justices classified as "political conservatives" was a dismal 2.57. Obviously the scholars doing the rating were more inclined to find quality among the politically liberal justices than they were among the politically conservative. And while the "economic conservatives" fared better than the "political conservatives," with a collective average rating of 3.46, they still fell well below the "economic liberals," who compiled a mean rating of 4.00. Again judicial quality correlated more positively with a liberal ideology.

THE LIBERAL bias present in the scholars' ratings becomes even more obvious when comparisons are made of the percentages of justices in each ideological category who were classified as "great" or "near great," or as "failures." While the panel designated a whopping 75 per cent of justices reflecting a "political liberal" ideology as "near great" or "great," no more than 11 per cent of the "political conservative" jurists were so acclaimed. Equally damning, as far as the alleged objectivity of the rating panel is concerned, is the fact that 42 per cent of the "political liberals" were rated as "great" by the same experts who could not find a single "political conservative" meriting that distinction. On the other hand, the panel found 22 per cent of the "political conservative" justices to be "failures," while none of the "political liberals" was so rated.

For the economic category, the pattern of liberal bias continues, although in somewhat less egregious fashion: 54 per cent of the justices categorized as "economic conservatives" were rated as "near great" or higher, as compared to 72 per cent of their liberal counterparts. And while the rating panel agreed that 15 per cent of the "economic conservative" jurists deserved lasting disgrace as "failures," they could not find a single justice displaying an "economic liberal" ideology who deserved this stigma. □

Mr. Massaro is an assistant professor of government at Nasson College in Springvale, Maine.

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Don't Overstate the Case

RICHARD P. McADAMS

FOR ALMOST 15 years I have been a faithful and enthusiastic subscriber to *NR*. During this period I have experienced much entertainment and instruction from this journal. Throughout this period, however, I have been consistently disappointed with the attitude toward public schools displayed by its contributors and editors.

I have been moved to write about this matter because of a blatant inaccuracy contained in a recent article by Mr. Orlan Love ["Freedom of Choice for Inner-City Parents," July 25], which subsequently found its way into one of William Buckley's syndicated columns. I am referring to the column which includes the statement that the absentee rate in public schools is about 40 per cent. Mr. Buckley cites a CBS documentary as the source for this statistic.

The 40 per cent absentee figure could be accurate for certain poorly run high schools such as the one highlighted in the CBS program, and is undoubtedly accurate for many of the high schools in our inner cities. It does not, however, represent the average absentee rate for public schools in the United States. The accurate figure on a nationwide basis would be about 10 per cent.

I happen to be superintendent of a public-school system in suburban Philadelphia. The district-wide absentee rate in my district is about 7 per cent. This figure is in no way extraordinary for school districts in my area. I have worked in five different school districts in the Philadelphia area, and I can assure you that the absentee rate in every case was 5 to 7 per cent at the elementary level and 8 to 11 per cent at the high-school level.

The 5 per cent absentee rate that you report for non-public schools is no doubt correct. It should be noted, however, that the vast majority of non-public schools are elementary schools. As I say, the absentee rate for public elementary schools is about 5 to 7 per cent.

The frightening aspect of this incident is that no one at *NR* rejected the 40 per cent figure as being absurd on its face. This indicates to me that no one in your organization is knowledgeable about public education on the national scale. This leads to the regrettable tendency on the part of your writers to report a specific horror story relating to a specific school system and then to assume that this same problem exists in the other 16,000 school systems throughout the country.

Not So Violent

A case in point was a recent article by Ernest van den Haag ["Birds, Bees, and Bathroom Tours," Dec. 7, 1979] on the topic of sex education in the public schools. I am certain that I was no less appalled than your other readers when I read about some of the ridiculous excesses that are taking place in the name of sex education. Unlike your other readers, however, I realize that the programs described are the exception rather than the rule. I have never had contact with a school district that uses a sex-education program that even remotely resembles the one described in Mr. van den Haag's article.

Another issue that has been misrepresented in *NR* and other media is the question of violence in the schools. Violence is a serious problem in *some* schools. I would estimate that violence is a frequent problem in 2 to 3 per cent of the high schools in our country. A faithful reader of *NR* would assume, however, that the vast majority of our high schools are slipping into anarchy.

The record in my own school district is better than in most districts but is certainly not unique. We have a high school of eight hundred students who are basically from a lower-middle-class, blue-collar background. About 8 per cent of our students are from various minorities. In the past twenty years not one of our fifty staff members has been attacked by a student. During the same twenty-year period there have been three student fights involving a deadly weapon. In each case the weapon was a knife. In each case the student was expelled from school.

Now to the important point. Public education is indeed on the sick list. Whether or not it will survive will depend on the good will and knowledge of the general population. The problems in education are serious enough without a respected journal such as *NR* inadvertently exaggerating the severity of the crisis.

Check before Printing

It is imperative that the type of person who reads *NR* should support the concept of a public-school system. It is important that *NR* continue to expose the boondoggles in public education, but an effort should also be made to support those many public schools that continue to do a good job.

I am the product of 16 years of Catholic schooling in Philadelphia. I support and value the contributions that such schools make to our society. I am happy to report, however, that my 15 years in public schools have shown me that they too are worthy of the support of every thinking person.

There is much more that I could say on this topic, but I do not wish to belabor the point. I will close with a request that *NR* secure knowledgeable advice before printing future articles on the state of public education. □

For the past four years Mr. McAdams has been superintendent of schools in the Octoraro Area School District in suburban Philadelphia.

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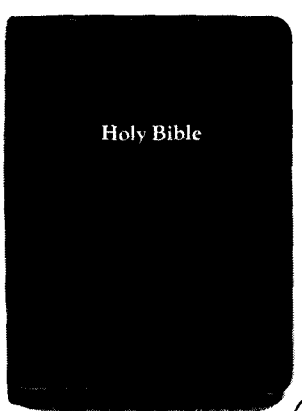

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Abroad

Tel Aviv *The Arms Business*

Israel plans to develop a Latin American market for its arms sales following Washington's permission to re-export military components of American origin, according to official circles here. Israel will thus offer its Kfir combat aircraft, powered by a General Electric J-79 jet engine, to Mexico, and Colombia is also said to be interested in acquiring the plane. The American ban, imposed four years ago, was designed specifically to prevent sophisticated military hardware from reaching Latin America. Now the State Department has changed its mind, a decision which Mordechai Zippori, Israeli deputy minister of defense, has hailed as "opening big horizons" for the Israelis in the defense business, at a time when Israel's economy is very hard-pressed.

Cairo *Dynasties*

President Anwar Sadat has built up a cordial relationship with the son of the last Egyptian monarch, King Farouk, who was deposed by Colonel Nasser in the revolution of 1952 and driven into exile. Sadat told the Egyptian parliament recently that he has been in touch with Prince Ahmed Fuad II, the pretender to the throne, ever since he organized a charity drive for victims of the 1972 October War. "My son," Sadat wrote to the prince, "you are a part of Egypt and therefore Egypt will never fail you." He then sent him an Egyptian passport as well as his father's sword. The President further authorized Fuad's marriage with Princess Farida, a Frenchwoman who converted to Islam. The prince's photograph appears from time to time in the Egyptian press. Prince Fuad was the last legal sovereign of Egypt in 1952-53 when he was an infant of several months. Since then he has lived in France. There is no evidence that these gestures will have any political consequences.

Pankow *Go Hang*

The sport of hang-gliding has been formally prohibited by the East German authorities under pain of a stiff fine, the inference being that a number of adventurous East Germans might be tempted to confuse leisure activity with freedom by heading west. Ever since two East German families escaped by hot-air balloon a year ago, the Communist government of that state has had this possibility in mind. Their move comes at a time when the Berlin Wall is being reinforced along several miles of its length, and new monetary restrictions imposed by Pankow are further inhibiting traffic between the two Germanies.

Folkestone *Adieu*

Another of the famous old trains of Europe is no more. The Night Ferry, which for decades carried passengers in gleaming blue-and-gold Wagons-Lits between London and Paris via the Folkestone and Dunkirk ferries, has ceased operations because it had become uneconomic. The last train limped into the Gare du Nord the other day, only three decrepit cars long. Its sleeping carriages were withdrawn months ago, and instead of champagne only beer was available from the bar. Queen Elizabeth, Winston Churchill, and the Duke of Windsor were among the personages that had occupied the train's luxurious beds in days gone by. Adolf Hitler once boasted he would make his triumphal way to London on the Night Ferry. The train was put into service in the 1930s so that travelers between London and Paris could enjoy a journey unbroken by the need to change trains, especially at night. (This was after the British Parliament had turned down the idea of a Channel tunnel.) The sleeping cars would be put aboard ferries at one or the other Channel port—usually without waking the passengers, although occasionally rough Channel weather would cause the berths to swing and sway. Then in the morning, passengers would arrive refreshed at London or Paris after an English breakfast or *café complet* in elegant dining cars. The diurnal equivalent of the Night Ferry, the Golden Arrow, survives.

Moscow *Space Bodies*

A Franco-Soviet manned space flight is planned for early in 1983, and already a struggle has developed about who is to go. France wants a woman and the Russians say no. According to reports current here, the French space authorities are training a number of candidates for the adventure, including women, and are pressing the Russians to let a Frenchwoman partner the three Soviet cosmonauts scheduled to make the flight. But the Russians are against it because they believe that women do not easily endure the stern demands of space travel. They are also against the idea because it costs a lot more to provide a spacecraft with the necessary facilities for privacy. The French on the other hand think the extra publicity is worth the risk and the trouble. The last time the Russians put a woman in space (and they are the only country to have done so) was in 1963, when Valentina Tereshkova spent three days in orbit aboard the Vostok VI.

Jusp, *Bruckenbauer* Rothco

Karmal's Moscow Visit

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Nyet on Technology

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

ONE OF THE major issues that didn't get an airing in this year's election, but should have, is the continuing transfer of high technology from the United States to the Soviet Union and its satellites.

It has been widely observed that America in recent years has been slipping badly in military preparedness, while the Soviets push forward with improvements in their arsenal. Less frequently noted is that the Soviets could not have made advances of this sort without assistance from the United States. High-tech is essential to modern armaments, and the Soviets make it standard practice to obtain such stuff from U.S. industry. Which means, in essence, that we are conducting an arms race against ourselves.

While many lawmakers seem oblivious to this process if not in fact supportive of it, one senator who has watched it with a critical eye, and seeks to have it stopped, is Republican Jake Garn of Utah. Garn wants to correct the situation by creating an Office of Strategic Trade, with the explicit object of controlling technological transfer. In testimony before the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee supporting this proposal, he spelled out the astonishing record of what we have been doing to arm our adversaries.

A Porous Embargo

Garn summarized the problem by saying that "what remains of our once vaunted military superiority, on which our national security increasingly depends, is in part being whittled away through a wide variety of technology transfer mechanisms. It is well documented that technology which the Soviets cannot develop will be bought from the West, and technology which the Soviets cannot buy will be stolen. . . . The Soviets have obtained too many of the national-security-sensitive technologies and commodities that have provided the U.S. with a margin of military safety. . . ."

The Utah Senator cited a host of specifics to prove the point. The most famous recent example, of course, is the Kama River truck plant, built for the Soviets with hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of our technology. When Kama River is completed, it will be the largest truck factory in the world, manufacturing vehicles with numerous military applications. In fact, its products have already shown up in military formations in Eastern Europe, and were freely used by Moscow when it launched its war against Afghanistan.

Kama River doesn't stand alone. There is also, Garn noted, the ZIL truck complex, likewise constructed with our technology, which turns out 200,000 military vehicles a year, including an estimated one hundred missile launchers. Even after military use of ZIL had been confirmed, officials of the State and Commerce Departments continued to favor exports to the plant—on the grounds that one hundred missile launchers really weren't that many! A similar attitude has prevailed concerning the sale of ball-bearing machinery needed in the MIRVing of missiles, computers required to deploy aircraft, and other items with military uses.

Nor, despite much talk of an "embargo" in the wake of the Afghanistan invasion, has this policy been changed appreciably. When Commerce official Lawrence Brady tried to blow the whistle on the military use of Kama, he was subjected to ferocious harassment by his superiors. Even after Afghanistan, the Administration was prepared to go along with added Kama River exports, until it ran into a barrage of criticism in the Congress. At that, nothing was done to halt the flow of exports to Eastern Europe, whence they could easily be transferred to the Soviets.

Such policies have been pursued, in Garn's view, because the Department of Commerce, which has licensing authority over these transactions and is charged by law with preventing export of commodities harmful to our security, sees its mission as facilitating exports, period. This incentive is compounded in an era of so-called detente, when augmented trade allegedly brings peace (a theory nowhere supported by the record). The net motivation is to turn a blind eye toward national-security problems presented by strategic exports.

"During the last decade," Garn observed, "the Commerce Department has been the lead agency within the Executive Branch in promoting the transfer of critical technology to the Soviet bloc. Because of its overriding export promotion bias, the Commerce Department has disregarded the national-security implications of such transfers. . . . The . . . Department has promoted the wholesale transfer of national-security-sensitive technology to the Soviet Union and its satellites. . . ."

Garn to the Rescue

Garn's bill (S-2606) would relieve the Commerce fox of its watchdog duties at the export chicken coop. His suggested Office of Strategic Trade (OST) would be assigned this function instead. The office would have its own director, plus representatives from the Departments of Defense, State, Commerce, and Energy—an arrangement which would allow Commerce to have its input into such decisions, but not the final say-so. Garn's bill would consolidate trade functions now scattered among several agencies, and—most important—specifically mandate the OST to protect our national security from the hazards of strategic exports. The agency would have responsibility for licensing such exports and monitoring compliance on restricted items.

Obviously, the major problem in this area is substantive, top-down policy in favor of such trade—policy which itself must be changed. But to the extent that procedural remedies can affect the situation, Garn's proposal is a good one, and ought to be adopted. □

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

'An Address Is a Speech'

NOWADAYS ONE encounters widespread lamentation (even among textbook editors, privately) that school textbooks aren't what they ought to be. Too true! There is much less talk, however, about practical remedies for this fallen state. If you were a publisher or chief editor of a textbook series, just what reforms, practically, would you undertake?

That question confronts your servant, the author of this page. For two decades and more, I have been a mordant critic of the manuals used in our primary and secondary schools. Now greatness is thrust upon me: I have become director of the social-science program of the Educational Research Council of America—succeeding in that post the energetic and very able Raymond English. It is my responsibility to turn out an integrated social-science program—textbooks and various supplementary materials and aids—extending all the way from kindergarten through the 12th grade. Physician, heal thyself.

The Educational Research Council of America, presided over by its founder, George Baird, is a non-profit organization dependent in considerable part upon gifts from foundations, corporations, and individuals. ERCA produces improved textbooks and teachers' guides, and contracts for their publication with established textbook publishers. The Council's social-science program already is used, in whole or part, in hundreds of public and independent school systems. We have just turned out a revised edition of our materials for kindergarten through the seventh grade, and are about to commence work upon a new version of the high-school program. We incorporate and interweave in our series history, political science, anthropology, economics, geography, sociology; moral philosophy and humane letters are not neglected. Suggestions are welcome.

Of course the best critics of any educational program are experienced, able teachers; and we have persuaded a number of such teachers to field-test our materials, in various stages of their preparation. By the same token, the worst enemy of improved textbooks is the dull and indolent teacher, who resents any challenge to his own talents and therefore positively prefers a program of pedestrian instruction, afflicted by cliché and slogan, and severely limited by a narrow, simplistic vocabulary. The demand for "readability" in textbooks works nowadays to throttle the intellect of the rising generation.

Salespeople for textbook publishers come back from every trip with teachers' complaints that the books are "too hard for the kids." Being necessarily interested in large sales, most textbook publishers tend to yield to such dreary demands. A result is such an achievement as the following in a typical social-science textbook for the sixth grade:

"The Constitution got adopted by the states. Then the people chose the first President of the United States. The first President of the United States was George Washington. George Washington was a man you have read about before. He had been a general in the American Revolution.

"George Washington was a good President. George Washington got things done. There were arguments about different things in his Administration. Administration means the time when he was President. But George Washington got different people to work things out the democratic way.

"After a few years George Washington stopped being President. Then he gave a famous Farewell Address. An address is a speech. This speech by George Washington told about foreign relations. Foreign relations means the way a country works with other countries. George Washington told about the way a democracy has foreign relations.

"After George Washington came a President named John Adams. John Adams was not popular. Popular means having people like you. After John Adams came another President named Thomas Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson told people more about democracy. . . ."

Et cetera, et cetera. I hasten to add that this is *not* a passage from one of ERCA's textbooks; but neither is it a burlesque of what passes for "social science" in many textbooks. Why wonder that most young people are graduated from American high schools knowing little about history, government, and related studies—and caring less?

Dullness and mediocrity, it will be perceived, are the worst afflictions of most textbooks. Of course the authors and editors of textbooks are capable of writing better prose, and of conveying more substantial information, than this. But when improvement is undertaken, there rises up the moan, "It's hard on the kids"—one aspect of the degradation of the democratic dogma. Need I remark that the continuing triumph of dullness and mediocrity will be hard on the Republic?

TIMIDITY IS another failing of the typical textbook, especially in the social sciences. Whatever seems controversial must be deleted, so far as possible. Religion in general, and Christianity in particular, are almost excluded from textbooks. Are the authors and editors disciples of Mrs. Madalyn Murray O'Hair? Not necessarily; but the people differ about religious beliefs; so the less said, the better, in the view of many textbook publishers. Thus the sources of culture and the realm of spirit are left out of consideration; and ultimate questions are ignored.

As for ideological biases, those vary from year to year or decade to decade, according to Approved Attitudes of the hour. Twenty years ago, in the typical textbook, anything America ever had done was right; more recently, anything America ever had done probably was wrong—the age of breast-beating.

So your servant has a hard row to hoe. Yet unless some of us set our hands to the ploughs of educational reform—why, our politics may be the politics of "plebiscitary democracy" at best; our economics, the economics of equal scarcity; and our history, the history of Animal Farm. □

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Books Arts & Manners

A Good Man Gone Wrong

The Zero-Sum Society: Distribution and the Possibilities for Economic Change
By Lester C. Thurow
Basic, 230 pp., $12.95

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

One naturally suspects a book recommended by such ideologues as Robert Lekachman (a socialist although an economist) and John Kenneth Galbraith (*idem*). However, I am glad to report that one's natural prejudice is not fully borne out by this work, which has many good points. Lester Thurow is less witty than Galbraith, but more lucid and concise. And, though he shares the ideological hang-ups of his endorsers, he is technically superior to both. Moreover, he candidly admits that we are over-regulated, that corporate income taxes are foolish, that antitrust laws are useless or harmful, and that some other liberal ideas are unjustifiable. In the process he provides a wealth of useful information and analysis in very palatable form.

Unfortunately, he provides some misinformation too—starting with the book's title, reasserted in the text. A zero-sum game is one in which a participant can gain only what another participant loses. Yet Thurow writes, "From 1972 to 1978 our real GNP grew by $228 billion (1972 prices) . . . most of us are participating in that larger economic pie." It follows that some (or all) of us did win a share of that $228 billion which no one was losing—hardly a "zero-sum society." Nor does Thurow believe that the pie cannot grow in the future.

He is right in asserting that the economy could grow better if changes in taxation, in regulation, etc. were made. Since these changes would necessarily deprive some people of the advantage they derive from the present situation, they will meet opposition. The maritime industry (including the unions, which Mr. Thurow neglects to mention) will oppose cancellation of its subsidy; the truckers like being regulated (so as to keep out competition); the steel industry likes restricting imports of steel; etc. And everybody wants someone else to pay taxes. Therefore, the rational decisions often are not made.

It is actually to this problem that Mr. Thurow affixes the new and misleading label, "The Zero-Sum Society." Yet it is the oldest problem in statecraft: how to overcome special interests (local, occupational, industrial, etc.) so that the common interest can be pursued. In its democratic form, this problem has long been analyzed by political scientists. A whole new branch of economics—led by such as James Buchanan and Gordon Tullock—is now concerned with it. Mr. Thurow is far too competent a social scientist to be unaware of this work; but he makes no reference to it. Nor does his book contribute any original ideas on the subject. He deals with the problem as if it had just been discovered by him, and often he deals with it in a wrongheaded way.

Thus Mr. Thurow points out that inflation can be defeated only by policies that are likely to be opposed by those who benefit from it—but he manages in the whole chapter on inflation to omit any mention of monetary policy. Thurow also points out that higher investment requires higher capital formation, i.e., some (temporary) reduction of consumption. But he opposes the many ways in which government could encourage this without coercion. To provide incentives (e.g., by reducing marginal tax rates) might increase inequality in income or wealth, and that bugs him. On this topic Mr. Thurow is simply irrational, as he is on other "social" topics, such as affirmative action, which he tries to justify by an analogy that any freshman could demonstrate to be so misleading as to be silly.

Unfortunately, these perversities lead to a final chapter "solving the economic problems of the 1980s," in which Mr. Thurow offers as solutions all the forms of government intervention which have caused most of our problems: public employment, retraining, higher taxes

Ernest van den Haag *is a lecturer in sociology and psychology at the New School for Social Research. . . .* **George V. Higgins** *is a lawyer, journalist, and author. Among his several novels are* The Friends of Eddie Coyle *and* Cogan's Trade. *He is also a columnist for the* Boston Globe. . . . **John Lukacs** *is the author of* The Last European War, 1945: Year Zero, *and other books. . . .* **James M. Rawley** *is an Air Force captain and literary critic.*

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on those nasty rich, more "help" for the poor . . . Too bad that such a good mind does not overcome the conventional wisdom, the liberal pieties, of its mentors. Where he does overcome them, Thurow is a very good economist. □

Fire in the Minds of Men: Origins of the Revolutionary Faith
By James H. Billington
Basic, 677 pp., $25

BILLINGTON'S CAUSEWAY

JOHN LUKACS

This is a big ugly book stuffed full of scholarship. Its size is desperate, its paper is cheap, its print is tacky, its binding and jacket are revolting. It has nearly 150 pages of footnotes, in dwarf print, at the end of the book, where they are literally unreachable, since the seven hundred pages of the volume are kept together only by a kind of Basic glue, meaning that when the reader wishes to look up a reference or a footnote his two hands will not suffice. Nor will his two eyes suffice, since the publishers chose to abandon even that weak palliative of printing the relevant page numbers of the text at the top of the footnote pages.

Now to the contents of this Basic Book. They remind me of what Dr. Johnson said to Boswell about the Giants' Causeway: "It is worth seeing," he said; "but it is not worth going to see." It is a study of modern revolutionaries who put their faith in revolution, beginning with the French one, which, according to the author, was the first "totally new kind of upheaval." A historian should be very careful when he writes that something is "totally new." The notion that "modern" revolutionaries were the first people who believed "that a perfect secular order will emerge from the forcible overthrow of traditional authority" is not really tenable. There were plenty of non-religious fanatics dotting the history of Europe centuries before the French Revolution. "The fascinating fact is that most revolutionaries sought the simple, almost banal, aims of modern secular man generally." The seeking of something is not a "fact"; the seeking of something "banal" cannot, by definition, be "fascinating"; and "modern secular man generally" . . . who is *he*?

This kind of prose is not worthy of an established historian, which Professor Billington assuredly is. The French Revolution was a great event: but there was continuity as well as change in its origins and in its development, and the first was pointed out by no less a great historian than Tocqueville. An example of the undue categorization constructed by Billington is this: he writes that "to politic," *politiquer*, "was a verb invoked with contempt by Babeuf" (the latter was a forerunner of Communism near the end of the eighteenth century); yet more than two hundred years earlier the French moderate Catholics, eventually the party of Henri IV (including Montaigne), were called *les politiques*, by their enemies as well as by themselves.

Billington writes that "nationalism remained the major revolutionary ideal until the final quarter of the nineteenth century." Yet there were more international revolutionaries during the age of Thomas Paine than during the age of Mussolini. Professor Billington also refuses to deal with one of the most telling developments of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, which was that nationalism became a radical phenomenon of the Right, and no longer of the Left. In his large book he devotes but a short subchapter, five pages, to what he calls "The Fascist Mutation." Yet it was this "mutation," rather than Communism, that grew into the principal revolutionary movement after World War I, leading to an even larger world war.

In Europe, except for Russia, the revolutionary wave was largely spent by 1850. The century of revolution was the period from 1770 to 1848; what followed was a century of wars. Bismarck understood this better than Marx did, Churchill than Trotsky, Theodore Roosevelt than Joe Hill. Professor Billington says that his book is about revolutionaries, not revolutions—but even with this in mind the title is unduly grandiloquent. Instead of Fire in the Minds of Men he deals with an array of atheist fanatics.

This book has the design and the scope of an encyclopedic work; but it is an encyclopedia without very much usefulness. Sometimes Professor Billington writes with insight. "The Champs de Mars had become a field for displaying iron, and the great iron totem, the Eiffel Tower, eventually rose to dominate the very fields on which the festivals of Nature had once stood." Alas, more often his writing is poor, as when he writes of the Romantic students in the Germanies incarnating the first "counterculture . . . rakish dress, long hair, narcotic highs, and sexual lows." (What are sexual lows?)

Billington's scholarship and reading are extensive, wide-ranging, multilingual, and judicious; the footnotes—readable, as I stated before, only at the risk of serious manual and ocular contortions—are full of interesting matters. In a chapter with the alliterative heading "The Occult Origins of Organization," he has an interesting subchapter with exhaustive illustrations of the late eighteenth century cult of the Triangle and the Pyramid. Yet in all of this learned disquisition there is no mention of that pyramid which forms the basic design of the Great Seal of the United States and which is engraved on our one-dollar bills. □

Going to Extremes
By Joe McGinniss
Knopf, 285 pp., $11.95

GOD'S COUNTRY

GEORGE V. HIGGINS

The medium-security jail at Eagle River, Alaska, is a modern brick building in the woods. The grounds are enclosed by a chain-link fence equipped with the same sort of inward-curving bars affixed to the same sort of fencing installed to prevent suicides on tall bridges and buildings in the Lower Forty-Eight. Still and all, it would not be terribly difficult to escape from Eagle River—there are trees taller than the fence on each side, and a man determined to get out would experience small hardship climbing up and then down to freedom. It would even be all right, in all likelihood, if he made a bit of commotion doing it, because the trees are crowded with enormous ravens which make a good deal of racket in their normal course of business.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME JANUARY TITLES: In *Church in Frenzy* (St. Martin's, $9.95), William V. Rauscher, an Episcopal rector from New Jersey, assails what he calls the "age of gimmick ministry," which has swept his own denomination and now threatens, he believes, to sweep the Roman Catholic Church. . . . *American Tongue in Cheek: A Populist Guide to Our Language* (Pantheon, $9.95), by Jim Quinn, is a study of contemporary American usage. Quinn is made indignant by media pundits, who he claims are ruining language while trying to defend and preserve it. . . . *The Sweetheart of the Silent Majority: The Biography of Phyllis Schlafly* (Doubleday, $13.95), by Carol Felsenthal, is, to put it mildly, an extravagantly effusive portrait.

In *Ike's Spies: Eisenhower and the Intelligence Community* (Doubleday, $15), Stephen E. Ambrose discusses Eisenhower's use of covert operators, in his capacity as General and as President of the United States.

Southwest Fiction (Bantam, $2.95), edited by Max Apple, looks to be a very interesting collection of stories about the social, cultural, ethnic, and geographical milieu that is the American Southwest. Contributors to the collection include Edward Abbey, Robert Henson, and Donald Barthelme.

■ LEFT OVER FROM DECEMBER: Theodore P. Kovaleff's *Business and Government during the Eisenhower Administration: A Study of the Antitrust Policy of the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department* (Ohio, $17.95) has some very interesting points to make about antitrust policies, many of which will not be to the liking of ideologues of either the antitrust or the anti-antitrust camps. But the spiritedness with which the Justice Department under Ike made the antitrust laws stick will surprise almost everybody who thinks of the Eisenhower years as stereotypically "pro-business." . . . *Into the Dark: Hannah Arendt and Totalitarianism* (Temple, $18.95), by Stephen J. Whitfield, takes issue with those of Miss Arendt's critics who argue that the USSR is not "as totalitarian as" the Third Reich. —CW

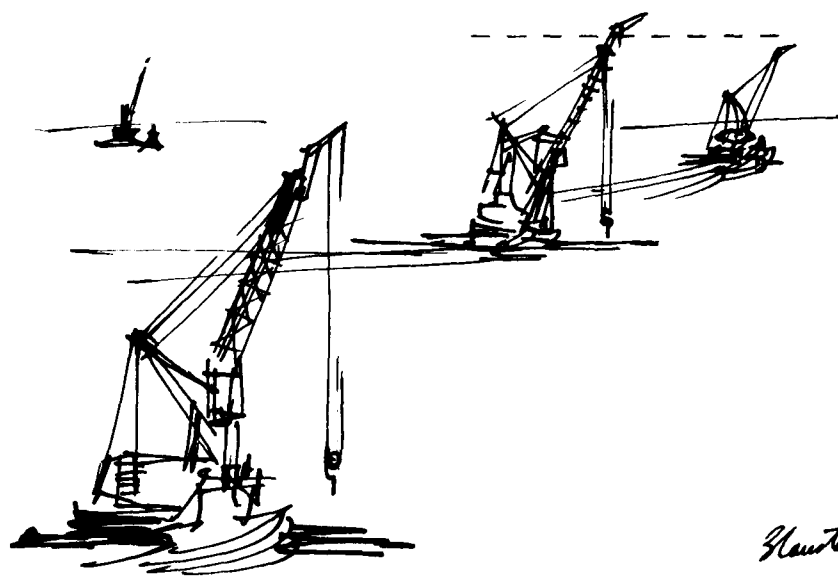
The question is where the hell the limber felon would go, once he got outside the fence. True, Eagle River by Alaskan standards is not isolated—Anchorage is within half an hour by car, and Wasilla isn't far off—but that is like saying that Boston isn't hilly, compared to San Francisco. Alaska is a great yawp of territory where a pilot's license is vastly more useful than a driver's license and almost as common, and sanitary landfill areas around settlements are plagued not by rats but by grizzly bears swarming around in search of a free lunch that they find tastier and less onerous to obtain than dinner in the woods. Given the distances he would have to travel to make good his escape while preserving life and limb, the sullen prisoner at Eagle River would do well to do his time and to regard the fences as his friends: they keep him safe, and the building keeps him warm.

Human nature being what it is, the inmates at Eagle River covet the freedom they have lost, most of them by commission of violent acts while under the influence of intoxicating beverages, marijuana, or a combination of substances. Alaska, which recently became the only state in the Union to levy no taxes upon its citizens—the oil royalties from the pipeline to Valdez have provided an excess of revenues, now under quarrelsome division among state residents—proffers a surfeit of freedom to its residents. Homesteading remains available to those who crave solitude. It is still quite possible to tangle with the wilderness on terms which significantly handicap the civilized man, to his peril. Some people go nuts, while others merely get a little strange.

Joe McGinniss is fascinated by lives lived on the edge. He made his reputation as an author with *The Selling of the President: 1968*, in which he chronicled the public packaging of Richard M. Nixon. He has written about gamblers and about heroes—*The Dream Team* and *Heroes*—George McGovern and other quixotic characters. Alaska was a natural for him, a whole chunk of continent, teeming with expatriates from Lowell, Massachusetts, who in Boston accents advise that Ketchikan is the best place to see eagles, in somebody else's car, "because you have no idea what a full-grown eagle can do to your windshield after he has had his breakfast."

JOHN MCPHEE'S *Coming into the Country*, itself a marvelous book, was less reaction and more reportage, so the two studies complement each other nicely for the beginning student of the North.

McGinniss in his long tour of Alaska encountered many folk of similar realism. There was Arthur MacIntosh, publisher of the paper. He put it out daily, "except Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday." When Arthur "gave up drinking, which was often, it meant that instead of drinking whisky all afternoon, he would drink beer; with just an occasional shot of brandy on the side." According to McGinniss, Arthur MacIntosh "was unsurpassed at the art of looking grizzled"; MacIntosh himself allowed as how he had mellowed when he shot up the only



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parking meter in Nome, installed by a vengeful city government—in the old days, Arthur said, he would have left the meter alone and shot up the city council.

That is McGinniss's strength, and it is a formidable one. As he gained the confidence of those around Richard Nixon, who later felt betrayed when he wrote what he had seen and heard, so he enjoyed the candor of the people that he met in Alaska. They, of course, were made of stuff stronger than the Nixon folk; considering that they had nothing of which they ought to be ashamed, they had no shame in talking to him. He set down what he saw and heard, without fiddling with their dignity, and that is why this is such a fine and balanced book. □

The Girl I Left Behind
By Jane O'Reilly
Macmillan, 220 pp., $10.95

UNIDEA'D GIRL

JOSEPH SOBRAN

This is—how do you say—one of those books. There are so many of them. They are usually autobiographical, but they are more narcissistic than introspective. They concern the author's Growth.

The country has changed a lot over the last two decades. We don't have to insist it's all for the worse, but we don't have to assume it's all for the better either. Those who like to talk about their own Growth, however, do so assume. And their Growth usually consists of having kept up with the trends of those years.

Oddly enough, they don't see themselves, with a faint blush, as sociological specimens, doing what passive people do, namely imitating the circumambient fashions and submitting to the larger pressure patterns. No, each is concerned solely with how it felt to change (or Grow) and discusses himself as a phenomenon of somewhat remarkable uniqueness. The New Self is held aloft for public admiration. Usually in a book. Sometimes on a talk show maybe plugging the book).

The Girl I Left Behind: that's the Old Self, back in Missouri, the young Jane O'Reilly who thought you had to get married and have babies and be a housewife, even if you went to Radcliffe. That Jane O'Reilly no longer exists, except as a kind of wraith. That Jane O'Reilly was hungry for social approval and didn't question society's standards.

But of course the woman who wrote *The Girl I Left Behind* is the new (improved) Jane O'Reilly, equally conventional—though she doesn't know it, because she's adopting new (improved) conventions that claim to be revolutionary. She tells us "the women's movement, because of its particular necessity to transform both the personal and the political, is a revolution like no other, one that, as Adrienne Rich has said, will transform thinking itself." Do tell. Better yet, do show. Why is it that the people who prate about "new ideas" never have one?

And why why why can't a bright, canny woman like Miss O'Reilly see what's what? A revolution like no other, indeed! It's just like *all* the others. A bid for Official Victim Status, with a demand for special laws embodying that politically conferred status. A bunch of whiny memoirs of harried women whose former husbands expected them to pick up their dirty socks. Envy and vengeance. Publishers' advances and remainder sales.

Apart from that, the "women's movement" is the ladies' auxiliary of liberalism. Its political premises are the old socialist bromides. "Transform thinking itself": snort! Transform it? It'll abolish it. It's already made a splendid start. (Dr. Johnson says something to Boswell about "wretched, unidea'd girls.")

Miss O'Reilly casually calls for "redistribution of wealth, reallocation of power, and redefinition of roles." The brilliant New Idea here, for those intellectually supple enough to grasp it, is statism: the government should pass laws and set up agencies and print propaganda and send in the cops until everything is better, don't you see.

Political polemics alternate with autobiographical bits, but all of it seems intended merely to dramatize the author's arrival within the Movement. Early on she recalls having felt that her peculiar life history and habits made her abnormal: "I considered myself excluded, by reason of eccentricity, from the general experience." By joining the Movement she got on the map. Her life, as she now characterizes it, was no longer eccentric: it was splendidly centric.

Problems with men, at home and at work, suddenly take on the significance of battles in an historic war. "I" becomes "we." There is the heady feeling of solidarity with what's happening now.

In truth the Oppressed Woman of today is a literary convention, like the Cruel Mistress of the Elizabethan sonnet, except that the Oppressed Woman won't let the men do her portrait: she wants to do her own. No question, there are oppressed women—just as (I am reliably informed) there are cruel mistresses. But the new stereotype isn't even conscious of being an artifice. It thinks it's real, and adequate to experience.

The real fun of it is the posturing it permits. Qua Victim, the lady can indulge self-pity; and, being the Victim, she can also play the Accuser. She can unload on men in general, finding male oppression everywhere—as in the well-known fact that the Senate fluctuates between 98 and 100 per cent male membership. Miss O'Reilly's assays in political theory are of this character. (Arguing against abortion, she reminds us: "The United States Constitution demands separation of Church and State.")

Now and then Miss O'Reilly's native senses of humor, fairness, and plausibility threaten to assert themselves. That they yield to the imperatives of ideology illustrates the way people now feel they have to derive self-esteem from participation in the currently approved social and sexual roles. Public life swallows up personal identity. Playing the angry feminist—demanding abortion and equal pay for equal work, jumping on male acquaintances for little gaucheries—gives one a sense of power and importance, a feeling of taking part in "the general experience."

It helps one conquer loneliness and shyness. Politics is a good way to meet people. Nothing wrong with that, but one ought to learn to think critically about it. Amazing how many people tell you what the state should do without ever having paused to ask themselves what a state is for. Her feminist passions, even if synthetic, aren't half

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as objectionable as her socialist presumptions. The more one reads the current feminists, the more obvious it becomes that they never doubt—it never occurs to them to think it a controversial proposition—that the state is sovereign over everything, and may not only seize and redistribute property but even undertake to revolutionize the way of life of a whole people. Still less do they think the burden of proof is on the innovator who would destroy the ancient ways.

But how can a Jane O'Reilly feel any reverence for ancient ways when she sneers at her own past—her home, her convent school, the girl she was? And why, dismissing so much so summarily, should she take for granted that the new styles to which she subscribes are anything more than another wave of fashion? Some societies have cannibalism, some have feminism. Is it writ in some eternal book that the preferences of educated female Manhattanites circa 1980 are definitive for all mankind? Not that I know of.

At most, Miss O'Reilly gives a few clues as to why she is upset. But she gives us no grounds for agreeing with her. □

Lectures on Literature
By Vladimir Nabokov
Harcourt Brace, 385 pp., $19.95

NO KNITTING, NO SMOKING

JAMES M. RAWLEY

College is wonderful but you have to work at it. The same holds true for the late Vladimir Nabokov's *Lectures on Literature*, a large, beautifully printed and bound volume containing reconstructions of his lectures at Cornell on Austen, Dickens, Flaubert, Joyce, Kafka, Proust, and Stevenson. (A second volume on Russian writers will follow shortly.) Fredson Bowers, with the help of Nabokov's widow and son, has done an extraordinary job of editing the lecturer's rough drafts, some of them long typed passages, others mere penciled jottings, none in final form.

According to Nabokov, "A good reader, a major reader, an active and creative reader is a rereader." He himself was a laborious rewriter, and these lectures lack the charm he would have put into a final draft.

The charm remains in teasing fragments, though, with a vague feel of the classroom about them, as when, discussing *Ulysses*, he says, "In his compassionate attitude to animals Bloom even feeds seagulls, which I personally consider to be nasty birds with drunkard's eyes." Then there are the puns and word play that remained distinguishing and somehow alien elements in all his work in English. Defending one of Dickens's sentimental passages against the charge of sentimentality, he says, "Dickens's great art should not be mistaken for a Cockney version of the seat of emotion." That is, Dickens's great art is not just a Cockney's great 'eart. It is doubtful that many students caught this joke as it flew by them, winged with a Russian accent.

JOKES AND PUNS notwithstanding, this is not a good book to curl up with. Nabokov's family was driven from Russia by the Communists in 1919. His father was killed by a Russian Fascist in Germany in 1922, and Vladimir, with his wife and child, was fleeing Hitler when he came to America in 1940. There was little in the exterior world for him to believe in or hold onto, and he had a love for literature—its structure, its counterpoint, all its lapidary aspects—that led him to take the novel about as seriously as it can possibly be taken. At the beginning of every course he told his class, "OK. No talking, no smoking, no knitting, no newspaper reading, no sleeping, and for God's sake take notes." His final-examination questions are indication enough that he was not kidding.

To business, then. Nabokov is not disturbed by sentimentality. Indeed, he is not disturbed by any kind of theatricality or implausibility in the works he discusses, because he believes that the novel has no useful relationship to real life, and that every great writer creates his own world. Thus it is possible for him to love Dickens, and he loves him a great deal more than one would expect. "We are now ready," he says, "to tackle Dickens. We are now ready to embrace Dickens. We are now ready to bask in Dickens."

His discussion of Dickens's *Bleak House* devotes itself to the structure of the novel's interlocking themes. Though Dickens's immense narrative energy is apparent in every passage Nabokov quotes, little reference is made to it. "My job," says the lecturer, "is to direct and rationalize [our] admiration." (For what it is worth, Dostoyevsky learned the secret of energetic writing from Dickens. But Nabokov despised Dostoyevsky.)

Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and Kafka's *Metamorphosis* are almost borne down by Nabokov's relentless explication, though Kafka's more modern setting and more disturbing premise (one would rather be changed into Mr. Hyde than into a monstrous insect) bear up better under exegesis. Nabokov implies that Stevenson sacrifices profundity by concealing the underside of Victorian life—but Kafka is equally prudish. He is simply more of a displaced person than Stevenson and thus shares the exile's sophistication which Nabokov had in such ample measure.

Nabokov is most at home in his discussion of *Madame Bovary*. It is the best introduction available in English to that deeply disciplined masterpiece. "The subject," says Nabokov, "may be crude and repulsive. Its expression is artistically modulated and balanced. This is style. This is art. This is the only thing that really matters in books." There is a glancing reference to Flaubert's difficulties with his country's obscenity laws, and their parallel with Nabokov's troubles over *Lolita*.

EVEN MORE of a fraternal link appears in the two authors' shared dislike for philistinism, for the tyrannous and insipid ideals of the middle class. Nabokov does not mention Flaubert's own philistinism: Baudelaire's remark, which Flaubert confirmed, that the novelist had portrayed himself in the person of Emma Bovary. Nabokov did not suffer fools gladly, and the notion that someone he admired could *be* a fool he did not suffer at all.

After this, it is not surprising to find that his analysis of Proust covers everything but Proust's charity, which is not social and sentimental like Dickens's, but includes an understanding regard for the kind of person who does not appreciate Proust. With this lack, the discussion of themes and construction (which Proust's own work, after all, dis-

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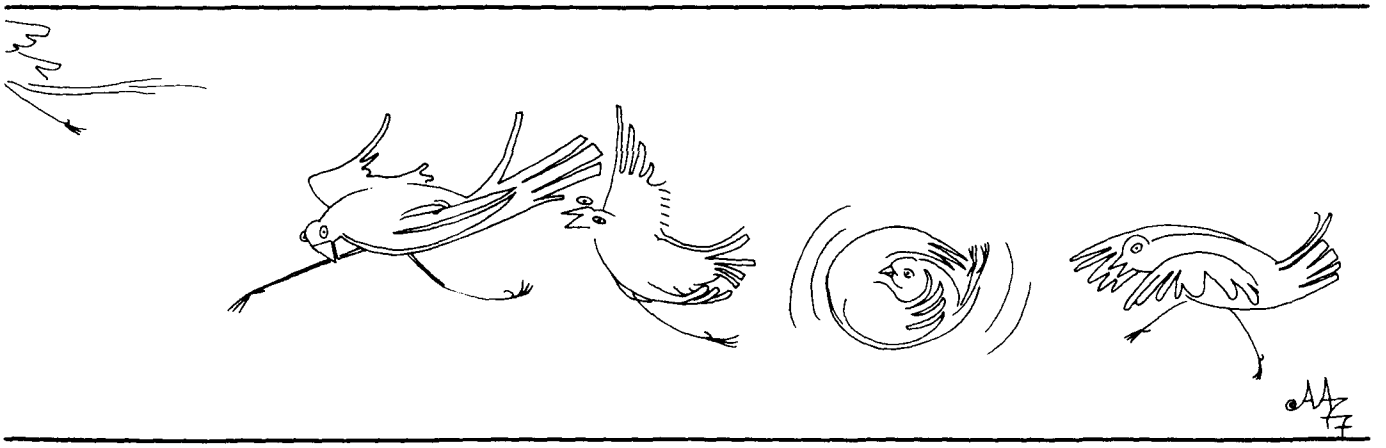

cusses thoroughly) tends toward the dry. One can feel the impending final exam.

Lectures on Literature produces a growing sense of oppression. It takes all Nabokov's skill as a professor to keep us from noticing how much of a professor he is, and in the end that skill, absent his own final draft, is barely enough to make reading him a pleasure. If critical works of genius were commonplace, this one might safely be neglected. □

FILM

SANDY STARDUST

JOHN SIMON

When Woody Allen discovered Underlying Seriousness in *Annie Hall*, he may have gained the world, but he lost those of us who prefer, even on screen, an honest standup comic to a dishonest social commentator, metaphysical seeker, and existential sniveler. *Stardust Memories* merely reaffirms his strategy of having it both ways: self-aggrandizement that tries to pass for self-irony, virulent misanthropy that masquerades as amusement at the human show, artistic pretentiousness that copies major filmmakers while pretending to be good-natured pastiche.

Stardust Memories is an almost plotless movie that tells about Sandy Bates, a comedian turned successful filmmaker, who, harassed though he is by the contingencies of his trade and success, agrees to a weekend at the Stardust Hotel (presumably somewhere on Long Island, but the topography is rearranged and fictionalized as in *L'Avventura*). There is to be a screening of his new film along with seminars for buffs and fans conducted by Bates and a female movie critic (modeled on Judith Crist and her Tarrytown movie weekends). What we see on screen is a mixture of what happens at the Stardust with scenes from the film and occasional dreams and fantasies of Sandy's, the three elements not clearly identified and made deliberately confusing. There may be some little life yet in this hanky-panky with Illusion and Reality, but not when we don't care about the protagonist and his problems. As it is, the technique palls almost before it registers.

To be sure, it is a device perfectly suited to the dishonest evasions of the overarching strategy. If something is too preposterous or repellent for the viewer to accept as Sandy's life (i.e., the Truth), it can always be assumed to constitute part of Sandy's satirical film. If it is too absurd or ugly even for that, consider it one of Sandy's daydreams or nightmares. But there is also a higher, all-embracing dishonesty at work here. Almost everything we are told or shown about Sandy Bates is true of Woody Allen, yet with just enough deviations from strict autobiography to allow Allen to declare it presumptuous to equate him with his protagonist.

What, then, are Bates's problems? They pertain, first, to his work: like Woody, he used to make pure comedies, but awareness of, ugh, Reality has made him seek deeper and darker subjects. "Human suffering does not sell tickets in Kansas City," he is told by the production people who keep bugging him throughout, and his quest in the movie (insofar as kvetching is a quest; perhaps kvesting would be better) is derived from Preston Sturges's *Sullivan's Travels*. But here lies the big lie in all its naked ugliness: when Sandy says, "I look around the world and all I see is human suffering," what does this Sandy-Woody really mean? From his chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce (in the film as in life), from his fancy apartment protected by a battery of agents, secretaries, cooks, and other amanuenses, how much reality can he perceive? The apartment is decorated with wall-sized photomurals of himself, Groucho Marx, and the Saigon police chief executing a prisoner point-blank; since when is narcissistic Groucho-Marxist radical chic a panorama of human suffering? Well, pigeons do flutter around his plate-glass windows, and an enraged Sandy chases them: he calls them "rats with wings." Is that cliché used deliberately? You never know with Woody.

Allen's strategy is one of instant self-deflation. He promptly tells his fans at the Stardust that, though he has been accused of narcissism, the mythological character he identifies himself with is not Narcissus but Zeus. Loud laughter. By this making fun of yourself you achieve triple *captatio benevolentiae*: you are funny, you are big enough for self-mockery, and—who knows?—maybe, just maybe, you really are the Zeus of current American filmmakers and lechers. Throughout the film—as a running, crowding, suffocating gag—we get ever more ludicrous and creepy fans (interspersed, however, with the odd pretty girl asking for an autograph on her left breast) saying and requesting ever more ludicrous and creepy things. It begins with someone saying she loved

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all of Sandy's films, "especially the early, funny ones." Later, aliens from outer space repeat this statement. We are to understand that the new, unfunny ones are even better, merely beyond the comprehension of fools.

Pretty soon, in between preposterous requests to read a comedy script about mass suicide and contribute a used truss to a collection of memorabilia, Bates is told, "You are a master of despair," and, again, with utmost reverence, "You have such a degenerate mind!" Clearly, since they are all such super-Fellinian grotesques and behave like stampeding pigs, the fans (for which read: the public) are the kinds of loathsome pests that do not leave you a private minute and demand, not mere autographs, but dedications such as: "To Phyllis Weinstein, you unfaithful, lying bitch!" But gradually it is insinuated that perhaps even such phony swine recognize genuine pearls when they are cast before them. And when one of them asks for an autograph on a copy of *Tom Sawyer*, Sandy, unflinchingly, signs it. Bates-Allen is Mark Twain *redivivus*.

Yet there is some authentic self-incrimination—perhaps even self-loathing here; a trait that, however genuine, is less than endearing, let alone exonerating. Thus when one of Sandy's women accuses him of flirting with a girl of 14 and he vehemently denies it, we glimpse yet another photomural—an incriminating blowup of a newspaper article whose truncated headline reads: INCEST BETWEEN FATHER AND . . . Another time, a seemingly teenaged girl has bribed her way into Sandy's bed; she has been driven from Bridgeport by her husband, a Bates fan who considers it a privilege to sleep outside in the car while Sandy is cuckolding him. When Sandy demurs, the girl upbraids him: "Empty sex is better than no sex!" And she switches off the light; the ensuing blackout may or may not mean consummation. In a sense, Bates the adolescent-lover is like those murderers who leave behind notes begging the police to catch them.

But when it comes to playing the great lover with more or less adult women, Sandy-Woody knows no self-irony. Small, Jewish, and ugly, Sandy (like Woody) has an insatiable yen for big beautiful shiksas, to be conquered as plentifully and publicly as possible. Michael's Pub, where he plays the clarinet, is Woody's real-life Deer Park; in the film, Sandy uses both the set on which he directs and the Stardust Hotel as hunting grounds. He dallies with Charlotte Rampling, who stands for crazy, aristocratic English beauty; Marie-Christine Barrault, who represents voluptuous French earth-motherhood; and Jessica Harper, who embodies bright, very young, crunchy American neurosis with artistic leanings. (Allen and Miss Harper have been "romantically linked" in the gossip columns.) All three are shown either panting after or profoundly satisfied by the runty Sandy: "You are the best kisser," burbles one of them; to which Sandy: "It was my major in college." It's a joke, but with serious, self-serving overtones.

STARDUST MEMORIES cribs from everywhere. There are Antonioni's white-walled cages in which the high-rise-dweller moulders and maunders; there are Buster-Keatonesque views of the empty screen inviting speculations on Film and Reality; there is the Bergmanesque mute prologue (with only a clock ticking) where Sandy is imprisoned in a hideous train with dismal fellow passengers while on a parallel track beautiful people are living it up on a scrumptious train; there is the sequence in which the hospitalized, deeply disturbed Miss Rampling monologizes heart-rendingly while a tight camera makes quick cuts from one take to another—out of *The Four Hundred Blows* via *Winter Light*; there is the flashback, out of the end of *Wild Strawberries*, to a happy past, where everything is white, luminous, peaceful—in this case, Miss Rampling prone on Sandy's carpet, the Sunday paper before her and her legs waggling behind, while Satchmo on the hi-fi sings "Stardust." And, above all, there is Fellini, in all those quick, bittersweet cuts back into childhood, and those visions of people in mysterious long shots that make bizarre behavior look supernatural. The film has been called Woody Allen's *8½*, but it is too dumb for that; it is really his *Juliet of the Spirits*.

Bates-Allen tries to be disarming, like that unsightly woman who, hoping to be contradicted, asked Oscar Wilde: "Am I not the ugliest woman in France?" Bowing deeply, Wilde answered with exquisite courtesy: "In the world, madame, in the world." Thus Sandy worries: "I am not talking about my stupid little film here; eventually there's not going to be any Shakespeare or Beethoven!" Clearly, we are to exclaim in dread, "And no Woody Allen!" So when Bates-Allen mentions "Art and masturbation—two areas in which I am an expert," I say there is no doubt about it—he just has difficulty figuring out which is which. □

DELECTATIONS

IT DIDN'T WORK

NIKA HAZELTON

This is the story of my bout with hypnosis. Yes, that's what I said—hypnosis. This is how it all came about.

A little while ago, my husband and I went away for a long weekend. As is my habit, I packed the few pieces of jewelry I own into a red leather box. But instead of giving it to my husband to hide, I proceeded to hide it myself. (Come to think of it, this is all rather silly; when you are away, burglars can burgle at leisure. On the other hand, why make it easy for them?)

Upon our return, I did not think of the jewelry. But a few days later, I wanted it and discovered that I could not remember where I put that red

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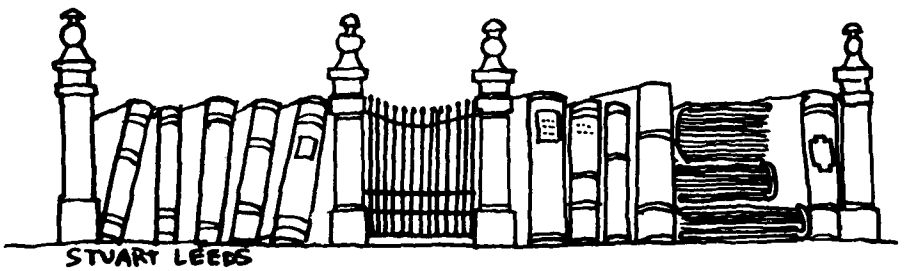

leather box. I spent a week of sleepless nights, but my memory did not come back. My husband, a friend, and I went over the apartment repeatedly, without luck. We looked behind our thousands of books. No luck. In my despair, I thought of hypnosis and asked my doctor for the name of a reputable hypnotist. I should say at this point that I knew little more of hypnosis than the word, and had no idea how it was performed. As I don't like losing my self-control in any manner, I was not interested in a practice the point of which is to do just that. But I could not think of any other way to unveil the memory of where I had hid that jewel box.

The man my doctor recommended is also a distinguished psychiatrist, so I knew I would not come to any harm in his hands. Still, I was vaguely afraid; I am all for leaving my mind alone, as Thurber recommended years ago. But I made an appointment with the doctor's charming secretary—who first recommended St Anthony and St. Jude, finders of lost objects for us Catholics. This time, alas, neither Saint came to my rescue, so off I went to keep my appointment.

Before being admitted to the Presence, I had to do a little paperwork, circling answers ("disagree strongly," "agree," "agree strongly") to questions like: Is health a matter of chance or personal responsibility? and so forth. Since I was a little agitated, I can't remember the exact questions.

Once in the Presence I was made comfortable in a large room, soberly furnished with a wide couch and armchairs. The Presence started by asking me a lot of questions to determine my personality—about family, profession, whether I was visually or orally inclined, if I liked to be the dominant force in a relation or did I prefer to be dominated, etc. I have never been to a psychiatrist, but I presume that these are the questions generally asked before treatment.

Then the Presence sat down by my left side and started asking me different sorts of questions—how my arms felt to me; was one lighter and one heavier; and similar questions. Unfortunately, I did not feel anything except arthritic pains in one of the arms the Presence asked me to lift. I am somewhat hazy about what the other questions were, but I remember that twice I said I was scared, to which the Presence replied that he was with me. I was asked to imagine that I was floating, and to raise one arm as if it were supported by a floating balloon. This puzzled me, because I expected the arm to go up by itself; instead, I lifted it. At no time was I unconscious of what I was doing, and always I was wondering why this or that was being said.

I was asked to turn my eyes to heaven, close my lids slowly over the raised eyes, lower the eyes but keep them closed, lift one arm and imagine a wide screen on which I was to project the movements I had made as I hid that red leather box. The Presence asked me to explain what I saw but I did little of this, saying that it always bored me to describe such things. The Presence went back to his own chair opposite me and we repeated the eye exercise several times. I had to admit that I was bad at listening to instructions (the Presence said he knew this very well). Then he terminated the session by giving me an instruction sheet on how to induce self-hypnosis by the aforesaid eye-plus method. He recommended that I try this several times a day and ventured that my memory might come back in several weeks. (I apologize to everyone connected with hypnosis if I have got this all wrong; I just relate what I remember. What did strike me was the small number of really searching questions—the ones I recollect were along the lines of the one about responsibility that I mentioned before, and another about whether I could lose myself in a play or a movie.)

As the Presence ushered me out, I asked if I could be hypnotized. He said that my threshold was high; but apparently I am not hopeless because he did give me the instruction sheet.

The session lasted one hour and cost $150. The jewelry box is still missing, even though I practice self-hypnosis ten times a day, as the doctor ordered. □

The GIMLET EYE

ERIN GO BLAH

D. KEITH MANO

The man stands barefoot, bareshinned in a wooden cage: on Broadway near 65th. His eyebrows are all snarl and fly: you could catch bass with them. The Irish have ever been a race of great eyebrow growers. And they are obstinate as rooty sod. The man has a barracks-issue blanket shrugged around him: brown or green, whatever shade might lie perfectly between brown and green: the color of defoliation, I think. He is a synecdoche, across from Lincoln Center: a facsimile of more than 350 Irish Republican prisoners kept naked in their own recurring filth at Long Kesh. Kept, God, by the *British*. Some have been nude since 1976: hard for me, a person with so many pockets, to comprehend.

Up from the IRT come women in immaculate middle age. Both heads seem circumscribed: margarine blonde curl bent down as though by a natural hairnet. Fair skin—when does freckle become age spot?—has been powdered to pale mothwing. They see another woman (use description given above).

"Would this be where the protest is?"

"Yass. My name is Mary. And what is yours?"

"Mary. And this is my friend, Mary, too. What were our parents thinking of? I wonder now."

The three Marys cross 65th Street. There, on a fountained traffic island, seven dozen Irish stew: browbeating away. The women are keen about it, housewifely, but a bit tentative: not articled in political protest yet. And, all at once, leeches are on them: Communist, Spartacist, Socialist-Worker, Reformed Trotskyite. Would they please

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hold a placard each? Ah, sure: we're Irish and that's why we're here. For Mary A: SCOTTISH WORKERS REPUBLIC AS PART OF THE USSR. For Mary B: NORTH SEA OIL TO THE USSR. And for Mary C: DOWN WITH PRINCE PHILIP, REMEMBER CHARLES I.

"Oh, you got a nice one," says Mary A to Mary C.

"Yass. And yours is good, too." But Mary A can't be so certain about it: *riding, you know, all that way from* Bayside to march for Scottish workers in Russia, well.

Meanwhile Prince Philip has arrived at Lincoln Center, where he will lecture the quite wealthy on bird- or rodent-life—either of which, as royal consort, he must know great deals about. Philip, naturally, can do nothing much for N. Ireland or Long Kesh and its now almost notorious H-Block or excrement and nudeness. A trousered power vacuum, the Prince'd be hard put to get one Belisha Beacon set up on Cromwell Road, still—

—Still, suddenly, after five or six decades, the IRA has a glamorous (if minor) international cause: torture, H-Block, filth, British concentration camp: phrases that form fluently on the iron palate of a bullhorn. But why, you ask, are these men naked? Well: because they took their clothes off. Then why are they living in excrement? Because on March 20, 1979 "the 'blanket men' refused to wash and shower themselves, or to brush and mop out their cells." Who, you might well ask, is concentrating whom?

To QUOTE an old saw somewhat resawn: if you can't be good, be "political" at least. Politicalness is the great amoralizing concept. In 1975 an irritable British occupation government made it known that any IRA prisoner convicted after March 1, 1976 would be accorded full criminal rank. (Men sent up before the deadline are, in effect, still POWs.) One Kieren Nugent, having been told to strip and model a prison garment, said bugger off, you—such fabric would compromise his "political" status. Since that moment 350 IRA men have followed Nugent's suit or unsuit: and the British are in a sticky brig.

"Political" is passing elegant: it absolves better than a quart of the Holy Spirit. "Political" can turn assassin into soldier; rape into idealism: and indict the victims. Strange, eh? In Russia, the very last thing a Gulagman would want to be is "political." Common thief and murderer are trusties there; they administer the Gulag system. Where just one correct political thought can exist, politics *is* morality: and imperfect political thought must be more heinous than the mere aberrant whim of crime. Only in Western civilization is a crime a manifesto: and the criminal an ombudsman at large. "Political" is instant prison rehabilitation. The one kind that works.

I've read much pro-IRA literature on Long Kesh: Communist, Socialist, Sinn Fein. The descriptions can hike your breakfast up: I assume they're true enough. Atrocity is the handshake and tip-your-hat of an ancient civil conflict. Yet nowhere—nowhere—do I find crimes mentioned: nor is there any diatribe against the British judicial process. These men, I must suppose, are proud bombers, arsonists, killers. Dangerous folk. Doug Wakefield was kept in absolute solitary for 156 days: yet Wakefield had twice taken a guard hostage. Better leave him by himself, where only the silence can be held for ransom.

A Union Jack is burning. It smells as any burnt flag would: very un-national. We begin marching toward the Waldorf-Astoria, where Prince Philip will dine: all three hundred or so of us. It is not, to put a fine point on, the St. Patrick's Day Parade. Irish people aren't your most organizable tribe. The socialists, camp-counselor-like, prompt a chant: Down with Long Kesh; Smash H-Block; Free Our Blanket Men. But this tune—though humanitarian and unpolitical—is also gibberish. Too many footnotes are required. H-Block? H-Bomb? The casual sidewalk watcher is galvanized to boredom. And gradually the Irish take charge; their chant overrides: IRA, All the Way! IRA, All the Way! Now things are politicized again: even the most isolationist New Yorker has heard of IRA. Heard and dismissed. Filth, torture, solitary: those neutral, sympathetic issues are forgotten. IRA! IRA! The uncaptive audience from Broadway to Lexington makes a moue of distaste. Then it will turn away. Back to the blankets: more filth, more nakedness, some death maybe. And in that you have a perfect irony: there isn't human suffering enough yet to depoliticize the "political" issue for which they have suffered so long. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SAFIRE'S WASHINGTON, *by William Safire (Times Books, 534 pp., $17.50).* "I hope you have the need for another point of view, for I hope I have something to say." With that sentence, William Safire finished his very first *New York Times* column, on April 16, 1973. Whether or not the liberal salons of Georgetown ("dens of inequity," Safire calls them in the same column) had use for another point of view is debatable. As to Safire's having something to say, however, there can be no doubt. Is there a crooked politician in Washington who can approach his *New York Times* every Monday and Thursday without trepidation? I think not. Bert Lance, of course, will always have fond memories of Safire as the man who showed him the way to go home (and earned a Pulitzer Prize for his trouble), and I swear that Tip O'Neill's locks turn three shades whiter whenever anyone mentions "Koreagate." For these and other investigations, the former Nixon speechwriter and self-styled "libertarian conservative" has achieved a status coveted by every syndicated columnist: whether you love him or you hate him, you cannot afford to skip over him. The urge to see who is currently being buried under that patented blizzard of sarcasm, invective, vitriol, and endless puns is simply too great, and *Safire's Washington* puts it all, arranged by subject, between hard covers. He lets go a blast of Safireworks at virtually all of Washington's sacred—and not-so-sacred—cows. Ted Kennedy as collegiate speeding champ (many of Safire's fans, myself included, thought this column a cheap shot); Hamilton Jördan (as Safire insists on spelling it) and the Cask of Amaretto; and Leon Jaworski (*Leon Jaworski!*), Certified Media Hero, whose sense of moral and judicial outrage seems to apply only to Republicans. Safire is also the only newsman I know of who insists on calling "Jody" Powell by the full "Joseph L. Powell Jr.," or, to really

(*Continues on page 1475*)

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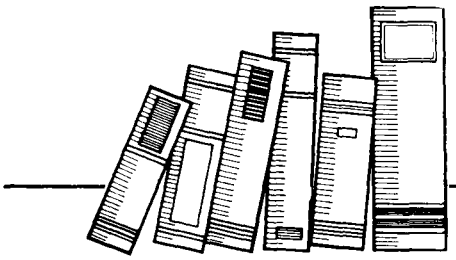

Dark Horses

FOR THE PAST four years, the major force promoting instability and revolution in this hemisphere has been the United States Government.

In a fog of public inattention, the U.S. State Department has moved with surgical precision to topple Latin American governments friendly to our interests. The prototypical case is Nicaragua, where the Castro-lining Sandinistas have, with our assistance, replaced the anti-Communist Somoza. Similar policies, presaging similar results, have unfolded in El Salvador and Guatemala.

Background on this strange performance is provided by James Whelan, former UPI correspondent in Latin America, now editor of the *Sacramento Union*, in *Through the American Looking-Glass* (Council on Inter-American Security, 305 Fourth Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; $4). Whelan shows that, despite difficulties, the five Central American nations (those abovenamed, plus Honduras and Costa Rica) had made substantial economic and political progress through the middle 1970s, supported the United States, and steadfastly resisted the incursions of Fidel Castro and his Soviet mentors.

With the advent of the Carter Administration, this situation changed abruptly: one after another, governments in Central America were targeted for hostile treatment by our State Department. The asserted "reforms" that we demanded ranged all the way from radical collectivization of economic life to abdication of sitting presidents—the common effect being to create upheaval conducive to successful revolution.

All of this has occurred, of course, precisely as insurgents backed by Castro and the Soviets have been striving, by means of internal terror and outside invasion, to make such revolution a reality. In effect, these countries have been subjected to an almost irresistible double envelopment: fierce attack by Marxist revolutionaries from below, crushing economic pressure by our State Department from above.

Why has the State Department been behaving in this fashion? The official answer is that we are cracking down on corrupt authoritarians in the name of "human rights." But, as Whelan observes, our human-rights enthusiasms are strangely selective: no similar hostility has been directed at Panama's notoriously dictatorial and corrupt Torrijos, Jamaica's recently deposed Michael Manley, or Cuba's Castro—the last-named by far the worst human-rights violator in the hemisphere.

The source of this discrepancy is apparent when you consider those who have been making U.S. Latin policy. As detailed by columnist Allan Brownfeld in *The Washington Lobby on Latin America* (Council on Inter-American Security, $1.50), our strategy in Central America has been formulated by a coterie of ideologues, both in and out of government, who pledge allegiance to collectivist nostrums, appear bemused by the historical inevitability of revolution, and seem congenitally unable to grasp the notion of a danger from the Left.

SOME PORTION of this mind-set, no doubt, may be attributed to comparatively innocent ideological blindness. Aspects of the situation, however, are decidedly more sinister. Brownfeld recounts the policy-influencing role of such groups as the North American Congress on Latin America, the Washington Organization on Latin America, the Institute for Policy Studies, and the Transnational Institute. On the one hand, these groups have important contacts in the U.S. Congress and the State Department. On the other, they also have numerous ties to Castro and other Marxists overseas. They are the obvious links between the two halves of the double envelopment, and may justly claim a principal share of the credit for what has happened in Central America in the past few years. What they have been doing, and why they have been doing it, deserve much more attention than they have yet received.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

RR: "Happy days are here again!" We stole not only the lyrics, but the music as well! Bravo!
—NR

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TRAVELER'S CHECKLIST—No more "I forgots!" $2. Enfo Co., Dept. B, 520 W. 3rd Street, Parsons, Tenn. 38363.

PHOTOGRAPHER needs information on buildings, restaurants, homes like giant ducks, bottles, artichokes, guitars for photo essay book. Jaime Andrews, 243 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10023.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[Melvin D.] BARGER:

[The] Unsolved Crime Problem

Maintaining a prison is expensive and difficult, but there is a grim logic in the concept of custody. John Dillinger held up no banks while he was in prison at Michigan City, Indiana, and Alvin Karpis neither robbed nor kidnapped anybody after he landed in Alcatraz. (Actual title *Crime: The Unsolved Problem.*)

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1472)

stick in the knife and twist it, "J. Lester Powell." But all is not fun and games. Safire's series of columns on the plight of the Iraqi Kurds, whose cause for independence we at first supported and later callously abandoned, makes for compelling reading. For months, Safire was almost alone in calling attention to the consequences should Canada decide to self-destruct. *Safire's Washington* is a wild, witty, irreverent, and infuriatingly exhilarating book. I am confident that William Safire will never lack for something to say. JOHN A. BARNES

FATAL FLOWERS, *by Rosemary Daniell (Holt, Rinehart. 293 pp., $11.95).* It would be easy to dismiss *Fatal Flowers* from any kind of serious consideration solely on the basis of its subtitle, *On Sin, Sex, and Suicide in the Deep South*. To do so would be a mistake, however, for although all three of these elements are present in abundance, this is not a book for voyeurs—it is rather the outpouring of a lifetime of rage, guilt, and conflict engendered by feeling bad and different in a region that places a high value on conformity. At age forty, after bouts with pills and alcohol, Rosemary Daniell concludes: "It becomes imperative that I sort out which parts of myself were rooted in my Southern past, which parts belonged to my present reality. I wanted to know why, in spite of years spent in therapy, feminism, journal keeping and other writing, after traveling and several marriages (the last to a non-Southern man) and many affairs, I was, and sometimes still am, too much of a Southern woman to feel as comfortable alone as with a man beside me." Miss Daniell's search leads her to examine the lives of her failed Southern-belle mother, who had never forgiven herself for not "marrying a lawyer and living in a house with white columns," and her grandmother Lee, whose stoicism had been perfected through years of caring for a large house and catering to the every whim of her patriarchal second husband. Miss Daniell decides that both she and her mother had absorbed her grandmother Lee's dictum, "You are who you marry," with tragic results for both of them. From the tattered lace that drooped beneath her mother's hemline, symbolizing for Miss Daniell the inner decay that lurked behind her mother's magnolia-blossom exterior, to the decapitated chicken flopping in a Southern farmyard, *Fatal Flowers* is filled with strong imagery. It is in fact a very strong book. Miss Daniell's vision of the South is often like peering through a distorting lens, but the lens itself is of Southern manufacture, formed by Miss Daniell's experience of growing up there. NORMA B. HAWES

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Reagan Makes The World Go Round

On The Right

Rio de Janeiro, Nov. 5—The invitation was generally extended to visiting Americans, and we had dreams of Walter Cronkite by satellite, even as if we had been sitting in our own living rooms. The scene was very different, and the GSA would have been pleased by the prevailing austerity. Off in one room was the single television set, throwing up its beam at a huge screen before which fifty people sat quietly, expectantly. Thither we went, and it was our old friend Bill Moyers with a panel of Americans analyzing the issues of the campaign. Suddenly the ear detected an anachronism . . . didn't Moyers say something about how tomorrow he would resume following President Carter about the campaign trail? For God's sake, can't Bill Moyers take it like a man and acknowledge that exactly 15 minutes ago Jimmy Carter conceded defeat to Ronald Reagan? It transpires that we are looking at a video cassette, the sort of thing the old USIA (now the USICA) makes available in the public room for idle or inquisitive Brazilians, and the transient Americans tonight just went in there to sit down, because there wasn't all that much going on in the main room.

THERE, the communications nub was a tiny UPI machine, the ticker. It worked fitfully. One young man tapped the operator on the shoulder and said, "Here, let me try." He lifted the lid and smartly spanked the moving part, which roused itself and, as if to make up for lost time, whirred out the news at breakneck speed. We craned to read the letters that appeared in the unfolding story. It was a recap, something to the effect that "an ex-movie actor, the darling of American conservatives," had reached an electoral count of 238, and that formal results from Pennsylvania were expected at any moment, which would put him over the goal line. UPI went on to say that at 9:58 Eastern Standard Time President Carter had conceded defeat to his adversary, wishing him well in his Administration. We arrived too late (it was after midnight, Rio time) to get the text, and found ourselves wondering whether Jimmy Carter had managed to formulate a message of congratulations that wished Reagan well in winning the world war he would get us into, and in healing the wounds between rich and poor, North and South, white and black, Christian and non-Christian, after inflicting said wounds; but the young AP reporter said Carter had played it straight. He hadn't caught the expression on Carter's face, because the television wasn't working. A small shortwave set, perched on top of the desk of the Chargé d'Affaires (in Brazil they forced the brass to move to Brasilia ten years ago) carried Carter's message, and a half-dozen people at most were able to hear it, the other hundred receiving the news in relays.

A large white board hung as a kind of makeshift screen. Periodically it was taken down, and figures scratched out on it. States that were definite for Reagan were given, as also states definite for Carter, a demure little column. Senatorial candidates who were definite winners or losers were given. I saw the name of "Buckley, Connecticut," loser to Dodd, and confess that the sweetness of the moment was diluted. And, immediately following, George McGovern, loser to Abdnor in South Dakota. McGovern out of the Senate! But the very next name was the biggest surprise. New York had rejected Elizabeth Holtzman, the Democratic candidate. New York had rejected the venerable Jacob Javits, who came to the Senate shortly after—was it the Civil War? Alfonse D'Amato was senator from New York, which means they'll have to look about for a new supervisor for Hempstead.

They had run out of beer, but an enterprising Brazilian showed up with a couple of cases and, rather listlessly, the beers were bought—this was strictly dutch treat. Besides, although everyone knows that in a democracy it's the-king-is-dead-long-live-the-king, there is a decent interval provided by the Constitution for the President to pack up his belongings, and leave the White House in circumstances that wouldn't exactly suggest he was being tossed out for not paying the rent, though that exactly is what Carter didn't pay. It wouldn't be quite right to give out free booze so that people could toast the overthrow of the nominal host of the evening, which, when you came down to it, was indeed the President of the United States.

There was, on the faces and in the unheated observations of those 150 Americans, a hint of a sense of the historical moment. Most were tourists, some local residents. Most had voted before leaving the country, and at least one-half wore Reagan-Bush buttons. There was no singing, no cheering, no impromptu oratory. A minstrel cameraman asked us if we thought Reagan would lead us to war, and we said we thought it on the whole unlikely that Reagan had struggled so hard to achieve the White House for the purpose of being in it when it disappeared in a whiff of nuclear dust. Did we have anything else to say? No, nothing else, except that we thought history had given itself a bright hour. □

ON TALKING SENSE TO THE PEOPLE

New York, Oct. 31—Down in Washington there is a fountain of great joy whose name is John Lofton. He has in recent years served as editor of the GOP's magazine, *First Monday*; as a syndicated columnist; and now as editor of *The Conservative Digest.* He is the most partisan partisan since Shylock argued his rights before the Venetian court. Lofton's instrument is the files, and the telephone.

Millions heard Senator Kennedy triumphantly denounce Ronald Reagan at Madison Square Garden as the man who had said, "Unemployment insurance is a prepaid vacation plan for freeloaders." The folks at Madison Square Garden, and one supposes around the nation, whooped and hollered at this triumph of research into the misanthropic soul of the man nominated for President by the Republican Party. Senator Kennedy's face beamed with pleasure, and his voice was as sarcastically ecstatic as if he were a prosecutor who had come up with an eyewitness to murder in the first degree.

It did sound funny, but most of us let it pass, let it pass.

Not John Lofton.

He sat down for what he must have known would be a very long day, perhaps a very long week. He placed a call to the office of Senator Kennedy. Where, he asked sweetly, did the Kennedy people get that wonderful quote from Reagan in which he talked about freeloaders on unemployment insurance? Lofton was direct-

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ed to a piece of paper which read, simply, "Unemployment Insurance: Fresno GOP Dinner, 4/18/66."

Having located and read the Fresno speech, Lofton then called the Senator's legislative assistant, Shannon McDonald, requesting a citation of the passage within the speech on which the Senator had relied. Miss McDonald referred Lofton to Carey Parker, who with Robert Shrum had actually written the speech. But Parker would answer no questions, instead referring Lofton to the Senator's press aide, Dick Drayne. Drayne said to Lofton that he must go back to Parker, who after all wrote the speech. But Parker had left for a log cabin in Maine, where there was no telephone but, one likes to think, a lot of sackcloth and ashes. So Lofton tried to get Shrum on the telephone, but Shrum declined to accept the calls.

By now you must, of course, be ready to hear the text of the Fresno speech.

"Let me make it plain," Reagan said, "that I have no intention of suggesting that unemployment insurance should, in any way, be curtailed. [Working people] have a right to depend on this as a legitimate insurance protecting them in the event of layoffs or unemployment not of their own fault. [But] in the last few years, this administration has reinterpreted the program and now defines it not as insurance, but as welfare. [Governor Pat Brown's] appointees have liberalized it to provide benefits for those who quit voluntarily or who are fired for legitimate cause. It is even used to augment the earnings of those in seasonal occupations. *The result is that the program has been weakened to the point where there must be concern for its fiscal soundness. And the eventual victims will be the legitimate working men and women who are being sacrificed to provide prepaid vacations for a segment of our society which has made this a way of life.*"

NOTE, AMONG other things, that the word "freeloader" does not occur.

Note, among still other things, that there is no criticism whatever of unemployment insurance.

So what is it, in the Fresno speech, to which anyone concerned with the plight of the workingman might object? The answer is: nothing; but in the kind of politics played by Messrs. Kennedy, Parker, Shrum, Drayne, and Miss McDonald, that isn't the point. The point was the cheers and yells at Madison Square Garden. And the resonance. Remember the resonance! Go forward to August 31, 1980. It's *Face the Nation* time, and the guest is United Auto Workers President Douglas Fraser. He scoffed at the alleged appeal Governor Reagan had for the blue-collar vote. "As our membership get to know and understand Reagan . . . I can imagine some workers saying, well, what about the statement that you believe unemployment compensation is a prepaid holiday for the freeloaders? Now that's the real Reagan, and as soon as the unemployed workers understand that, I think it'll shift back toward Carter."

But, you see, that *isn't* the real Reagan. That's the Reagan constructed by Kennedy's speech writers.

The Democrats, in their next platform, should include a new plank. "Be it resolved that the health and safety of the Democratic Party requires that no telephone call from John D. Lofton should be answered, nor any communication from him replied to." An appropriate penalty, one supposes, would be the reading of the collected works of Senator Kennedy. They should be filed, in the libraries, under Disinformation, Examples of. □

CATCH TONY!

New York, Oct. 28—Every now and then it is absolutely necessary to remind oneself that despair is a mortal sin, because otherwise you simply wouldn't be able to absorb such data as an Honorary Doctor of Laws awarded by Williams College to the Right Honorable Tony Benn, Member of Parliament, which happened a couple of weeks ago. The citation (and here we must be charitable because citations, like lapidary inscriptions, are not written upon oath) recited about Tony Benn read in part: "Focusing persistently on economic issues, you earlier promoted corporate mergers and technological modernization as answers to Britain's productivity crisis, but more recently you have been urging an enlarged role for state investment accompanied by democratized processes of industrial decision-making."

It is an interesting question what the folks at Williams College consider as "democratized processes of industrial decision-making." But they conferred an honorary degree on the principal spokesman, in the British Labor Party, of the most radical social and economic programs in British history, denounced as left-fascism by fellow socialists in Benn's own party, e.g., Shirley Williams, David Owen, and Roy Jenkins, who give the impression that they would rather quit than remain members of a party dominated by such as Tony Benn. What's going on?

It is saddening. Harold Evans, the editor of the London Sunday *Times*, has been quoted as saying that the trouble with Benn is that he is *not* certifiably mad. When Robert Welch or whoever in America comes up with crazy-stuff, he is caused, kindly but firmly, to disappear. In Great Britain, Tony Benn and his cohorts have, in significant measure, taken over the Labor Party. (See Anthony Lejeune, p. 1453.) That is to say they managed to pass, at the critical political congress in Blackpool, resolutions the effect of which, if ever they should prevail, would hand power over to a tiny group of ideologues whose program is not easy to describe, though it would be hard to quarrel with the generality that poor, dear Great Britain would face a takeover by a faction of solipsistic Marxists.

Tony Benn has publicly pledged that if the Labor Party, under his leadership, is voted into power, within one month Great Britain would a) renounce the Common Market; b) abolish the House of Lords; and c) disarm Great Britain's atomic arsenal, unilaterally. Those are the newsworthiest of Tony Benn's positions. He would also abolish private education (would he renounce his honorary degree from Williams? It is unlikely that Williams would take the initiative). He would renationalize the steel industry (assuming Mrs. Thatcher privatizes it), with the interesting fillip that private investors in the steel industry would lose their stock *without compensation*. To do any such thing in the U.S. would require repealing the Bill of Rights. Repealing the Bill of Rights would, no doubt, be described at Williams College as "enlarging the role for state investment accompanied by democratized processes of industrial decision-making"—and would fetch the author an Honorary Doctor of Laws.

TONY IS not just a wild guy, the kind who wafts away. He has been around for a long time and is impenitently dogged in pursuit of an England few freemen would choose to visit, even if April were there. The *Daily Telegraph*'s Peregrine Worsthorne remarked the awful correspondence between Benn's reception at Blackpool, and Sir Oswald Mosley's at the notorious Olympia rally in 1934 when Mosley was pleading the cause of fascism: ". . . not his ideas so much as his methods, and the style of the people who serve his cause . . . the sight and sound of his bully boys braying and brawling were painfully reminiscent of that shocking occasion."

Penetrating the mind of Tony Benn is not easy. Here, for instance, is his extemporaneous explanation for U.S. Taiwan policy: "Profits made by American workers are exported to Taiwan where the trade unions are illegal, where health and safety at work is poorer; goods are produced in Taiwan with profits made by American workers, brought back into the United States, and American workers are on the dole."

Hard to follow? Yes. It approaches hilarity that there are Englishmen who worry about Ronald Reagan. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. This animal is herbiverous, thick-skinned, powerful, and large — 21 23 65 35 52 75 87 97 147 128

B. People who live on this thoroughfare never experience hard times — 5 77 7 157 166 227 56 98 13 88

C. Samson's father — 144 118 70 219 121 91

D. What a rolling stone doesn't gather — 179 71 231 95

E. Unscramble ERE EPOCHS — 195 42 153 129 73 26 46 119 102

F. Midwestern windstorms — 201 11 213 80 180 44 168 50 151

G. A famous horse — 207 215 137 188 198 68

H. A kind of candy — 218 200 206 181 176 209

I. A stream which joins the Mississippi at Vicksburg — 120 8 225 17 20 48 60 39 74 83

J. John Randolph's city — 220 92 104 85 124 158 172

K. Exhilarating — 10 133 140 187 43 34 89 24 58 99

L. Huge — 29 18 214 103 4 185 130 152

M. A minor political party, U.S. — 78 6 171 113 148 210 222 2 16 53 28

N. What a good citizen should be — 164 96 22 84 131 182 33 76 101 221

O. Any vocation or business — 54 94 27 19 31 72 81 3 36 41

P. Loyalty to the North during the Civil War — 82 125 115 189 138 224 217 175

Q. Where our feathered friends live — 149 190 204 38 15 223 49 63 135 167

R. A place to pick up mail — 105 203 59 114 126 142 161 197 186 9

S. Armor-plated — 127 212 139 146 61 106 226 108

T. A mixture of vegetables finely cut for soups and salads — 25 202 216 12 154 196 169 178 45 57

U. Town in Divide County, N.D. — 30 116 141 160 155 163

V. To deprive of shelter — 93 117 208 174 162 184 62

W. The back of the head — 159 156 109 205 199

X. What N.A.S.A. is — 14 55 67 173 32 40 47 90 122 1 107

Y. A savory jelly — 37 110 66 228 86

Z. Part of Saudi Arabia — 51 143 132 69

a. A variety of rummy for two players — 134 229 183 191 111 145 194

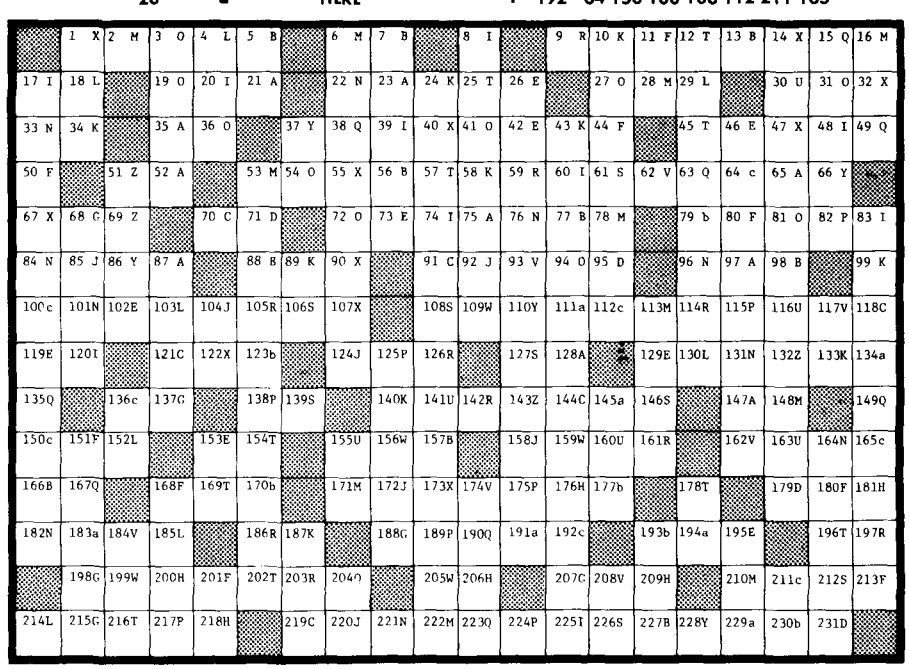
b. An American inventor (1847-1931) — 170 123 79 177 193 230

c. Unscramble TOES HERE — 192 64 150 100 136 112 211 165

DIRECTIONS

The *object* of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1474 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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The Modern Little Red Hen.

Once upon a time, there was a little red hen who scratched about the barnyard until she uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her neighbors and said, "If we plant this wheat, we shall have bread to eat. Who will help me plant it?"

"Not I," said the cow.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Not I," said the pig.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap my wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Out of my classification," said the pig.

"I'd lose my seniority," said the cow.

"I'd lose my unemployment compensation," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

At last it came time to bake the bread. "Who will help me bake the bread?" asked the little red hen.

"That would be overtime for me," said the cow.

"I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the duck.

"I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the pig.

"If I'm to be the only helper, that's discrimination," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen.

She baked five loaves and held them up for her neighbors to see.

They all wanted some and, in fact, demanded a share. But the little red hen said, "No, I can eat the five loaves myself."

"Excess profits!" cried the cow.

"Capitalist leech!" screamed the duck.

"I demand equal rights!" yelled the goose.

And the pig just grunted. And they painted "unfair" picket signs and marched round and round the little red hen, shouting obscenities.

When the government agent came, he said to the little red hen, "You must not be greedy."

"But I earned the bread," said the little red hen.

"Exactly," said the agent. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system. Anyone in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. But under our modern government regulations, the productive workers must divide their product with the idle."

And they lived happily ever after, including the little red hen, who smiled and clucked, "I am grateful. I am grateful."

But her neighbors wondered why she never again baked any more bread.

Material originally prepared by Pennwalt Corporation.

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